Why Did U Thant Pull Out?

June 15, 1967 35¢

LABOR'S MIDDLE-CLASS REVOLT

THE REPORTER

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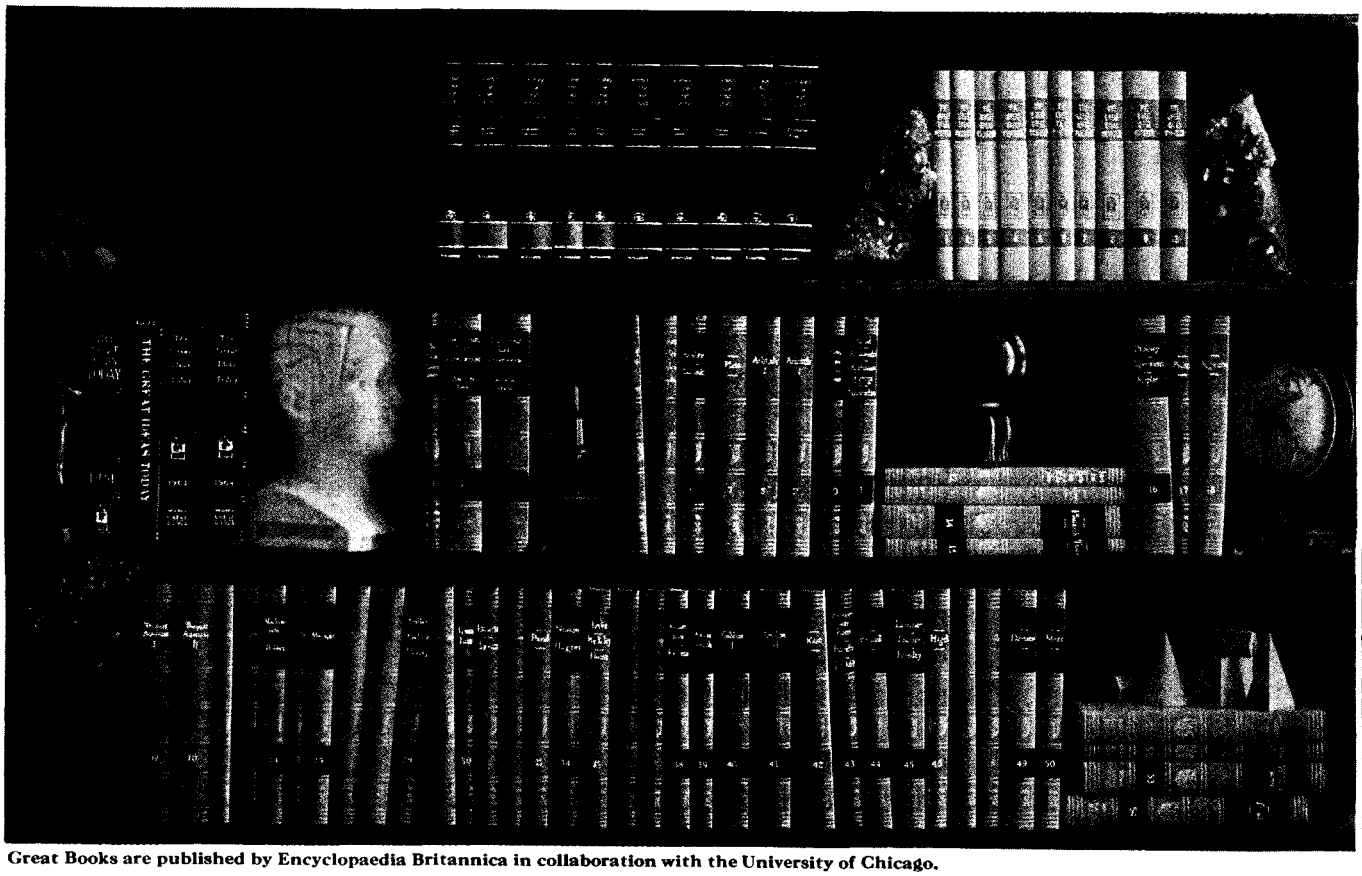

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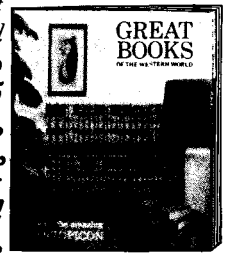

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WHO– WHAT– WHY–

MAX ASCOLI's editorial deals with the strange prudence exhibited by the Johnson administration during the first fortnight of the crisis precipitated by the withdrawal of the U.N.'s so-called peacekeeping force from the Gaza Strip and Sharm el Sheikh.

WHATEVER the outcome of the crisis, at least one casualty is already apparent. The United Nations long ago demonstrated its limitations and it has long been embroiled in institutional troubles that have eroded its capacity to act constructively outside the realm of technical and humanitarian assistance. Now the U.N.'s third Secretary General has undermined the prestige of his office and the authority of his organization beyond repair as long as he remains. U Thant has almost invariably chosen to function as a meddler in conflicts involving the major powers rather than to work for the organization's many-sided goals with a diplomacy that his predecessor called quiet. **Meg Greenfield** covers in detail the story of the forty-eight hours the Secretary General used to bring on the crisis.

FOR the past couple of years we have enjoyed relative stability on the labor front, a blessing that has now clearly come to an end. Amid signs of unrest in the present cycle of wage adjustments, a new element can be discerned. According to **A. H. Raskin,** assistant editor of the New York *Times* editorial page, this is the insistence on special treatment by skilled craftsmen with the industrial unions. The growing complexity of negotiations, he writes, makes all the more important some kind of machinery between fact-finding and compulsory arbitration that will modernize the relations between labor, management, and government. . . . President de Gaulle's parliamentary majority is not as narrow as it seems, once the divisions among his opposition are taken into account. **Edmond Taylor,** reporting from Paris, assesses this factor in the maneuvering over Premier Pompidou's request for special powers in domestic economic affairs in which the general reverted to some old-fashioned politicking to win the day. . . . **Denis Warner** returns to Indonesia to give a picture of a country that, freed from one set of troubles —Sukarnoism—is precariously treading between serious economic and political difficulties. . . . Cleveland, famed as much for its contributions to culture as for its industrial output, is now gaining notoriety as a center of racial conflict. Since last July's riots, the city has done little to improve conditions in the Negro slums that have grown up in the midst of the city's tight ethnic communities, and Cleveland has now been designated a target for an action program headed by the Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr. **Robert H. Giles,** a former Niemann Fellow, is city editor of the Akron *Beacon Journal.*

AS anyone who has been in any armed service will know, a certain amount of singing is always associated with serving one's country. Most of the lyrics, however, deal with intensely specialized subjects having little to do with national honor or military operations. As might be expected, the Germans are better organized. **Frederic V. Grunfeld,** himself a reserve U.S. Army officer, has been devoting his attention to the matter.... **Gerald Weales** has recently edited for the Viking Critical Library an edition of Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman.* . . . **Alan M. Kriegsman** is a cultural critic with the Washington *Post,* and was formerly an administrator at the Juilliard School. . . . **Rear Admiral John D. Hayes (USN, Ret.)** reviews three accounts of the operations undertaken to locate and recover the H-bomb lost off Palomares early last year. . . . **Hans Landsberg's** most recent book is *Natural Resources for U.S. Growth* (Johns Hopkins Press). . . . **William Childress** has published stories, articles, and poetry, and has also written for television.

Our cover is by **Arthur Shilstone.**

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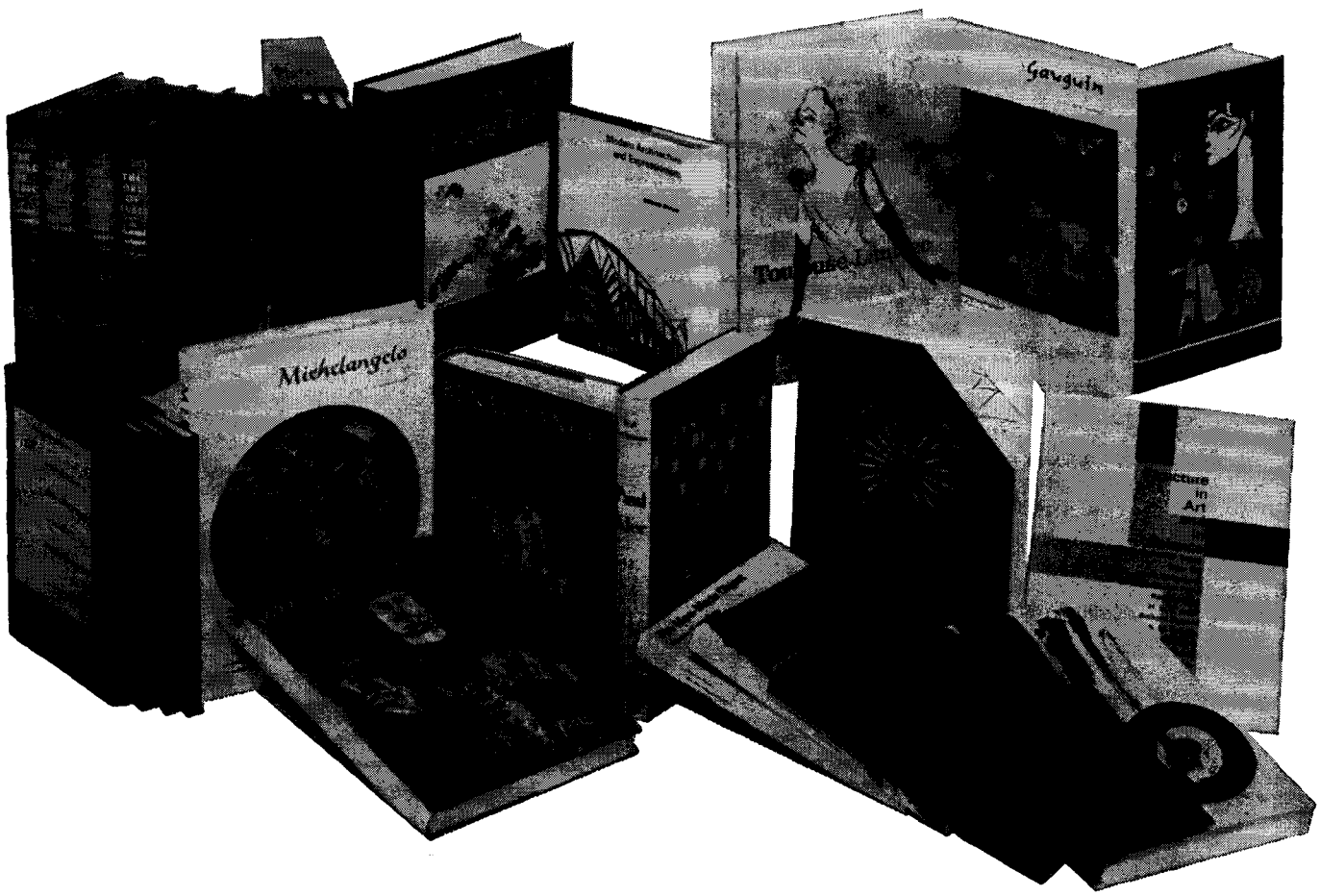

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A *farm* at the bottom of the ocean?

Before this century is over, man will undoubtedly be farming, mining and manufacturing under the sea. With the world population growing and our natural resources shrinking, we will *have* to exploit the oceans for necessary food supplies and raw materials.

But before it happens, we must learn how to live and work in the strange and hostile marine environment.

Blue collar submarines:

A new breed of fish—the research submarine—has already begun the job of exploring and working in the depths of the ocean.

Unlike World War II submarines, which could dive to only a few hundred feet, research submarines will have to descend *thousands* of feet. And unlike bathyscaphs, which are essentially underwater elevators, research submarines move and maneuver under their own power and can perform a variety of jobs. In fact, "research" is a misnomer; they are really *working* submarines.

General Dynamics, which delivered the first submarine to the United States Navy in 1900, has already built five operational research submarines and is currently building three more. One of them, *Aluminaut,* an aluminum-hulled submarine built for Reynolds International, went mineral prospecting in 1966.

The boat searched for deposits of ore along the Blake Plateau, a section of the Continental Shelf stretching from Virginia to Florida. As *Aluminaut* travelled along the bottom, it scooped up samples of sediment and brought them up to the surface escort ship.

Doing the impossible:

Last year, two other research submarines built by General Dynamics—*Star II* and *Asherah*—performed jobs that had not been possible before. They inspected underwater cables, diving to depths and carrying photographic equipment that puts the job well beyond the capabilities of skin divers.

A cable does not always lie undisturbed on the bottom once it has been laid. It can be dragged by fishing nets and tidal currents; abraded and strained by rocks or sunken wreckage; and corroded by salt water and chewed on by sea life.

Star II, diving to depths of 1,050 feet, inspected and took more than 3,000 still photographs of 42 miles of underwater cable.

Asherah's assignment was to inspect a six-inch power cable that ran for seven miles along the bottom of Rosario Strait in the state of Washington. Before throwing the switch that would send electricity through the cable, officials of the Bonneville Power Administration wanted to know how the cable was oriented on the bottom.

Fitted with externally mounted strobe lights and floodlights, a 35mm. still camera and a television camera, *Asherah* followed the seven miles of cable, making a complete record of it on video tape and in still photographs.

Hunting the aku:

The aku, or skipjack tuna, is one of the mainstays of Hawaii's fishing industry. The annual catch of tuna in Hawaiian waters averages 5,000 tons—largely from netting fish near the surface. Some experts believe the yield could be as high as 200,000 tons a year if a key question could be answered: how deep do schools of tuna live?

In 1965, the research submarine *Asherah,* on loan to the Bureau of Commercial Fisheries, found the answer. In the course of diving to depths of 600 feet off Oahu, *Asherah's* observers discovered tuna much further down than anyone had expected. On the basis of this evidence, the Bureau outfitted a surface ship with sonar to locate and track deep-swimming schools of tuna. A General Dynamics study showed the feasibility of a research submarine fast enough and with sufficient endurance to follow oceanic fish and to discover their migratory habits and spawning and feeding grounds.

Fish talk:

Research submarines have already extended our knowledge of rock and coral formations, the marine phenomenon known as plankton, and the habits—even the conversation—of fish.

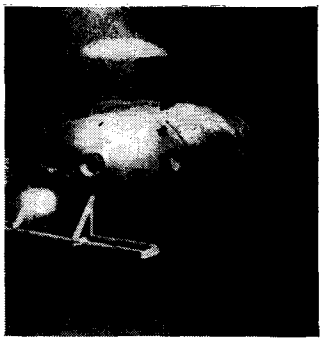
Far from being silent, fish talk a great deal. During its dives off Hawaii, *Asherah* was able to record fish conversing in their cave homes. Fish talk has an immediate application to underwater telephone communication; the "chattering" of fish can be picked up, and distort human conversation.

In the summer of 1966, General Dynamics' *Star III,* diving off Bermuda, investigated an ocean phenomenon that sometimes plays havoc with sonar listening results: the deep scattering layer. This is a layer of plankton—organic and plant particles that small fish feed on.

Research submarines have also inspected the understructures and footings of offshore oil wells. There is a

STAR III can carry its two-man crew and 1,500-pound payload, including scientific equipment, to depths of 2,000 feet for up to 12 hours. Its manipulator can perform a variety of jobs.

ASHERAH was designed and built by General Dynamics for the use of the University of Pennsylvania Museum.



ALUMINAUT, built by General Dynamics for Reynolds International, has first all-aluminum hull and is the deepest diving submarine.

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large market for submersibles capable of this kind of work.

And in 1964, *Asherah*, diving in the Aegean Sea off the coast of Turkey, photographed the hull and cargo of a sunken 5th century Byzantine galley on the sea floor. The submarine accomplished in one hour what would have taken skin divers weeks to do.

Ambidexterity:

Many first-generation research submarines have a single external manipulator, or "arm," enabling them to scoop up sediment or pick up objects from the ocean floor.

Second-generation submarines now under construction at General Dynamics will have considerably greater work and repair capacities.

These new submarines will have two manipulators, rather than one—each analogous to the human arm. That is, it has shoulder, elbow and wrist joints (see illustration at right). Fully extended, the manipulators have an 82-inch reach; when not in use they can be folded back against the hull of the submarine to improve its hydrodynamic motion through the water.

Interchangeable claw "hands" will allow new submarines to pick up objects as heavy as 100 pounds—or as delicate as an egg. Clamshell scoops enable them to collect mineral and marine specimens.

But their greatest advance over present manipulators is their power tool capacity. Detachable snap-on tools will enable them to cut cables, drill holes, install or remove nuts on equipment—and do a variety of other deep-sea construction and repair work.

Manipulators may be operated independently of each other or together, depending on the nature of the job.

With manipulators that approach the human arm in dexterity and control—and exceed it in reach, strength and versatility—the ability of research submarines to perform meaningful work will be dramatically advanced.

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GUARANTEED INCOME

To the Editor: Sar A. Levitan's "The Pitfalls of Guaranteed Income" (*The Reporter*, May 18) is perceptive and useful. Its main shortcoming in my view is that, by not appropriately weighing the main elements in a meaningful war against poverty, it overstates the tasks that would be imposed upon the guaranteed income, especially the problem of maintaining incentives.

No worthy war against poverty can fail to start with a guaranteed full-employment program, because about sixty per cent of all current poverty is due to unemployment, part-time employment, and substandard pay when employed. I have frequently recommended that the Federal government should provide directly, or indirectly through financial aid, for employment of all jobless persons who are able and willing to work or can be made so by retraining. Another approximately twenty-five per cent of the poor are in consumer units headed by aged citizens. The task here is to bring the social-insurance programs into line with that portion of our current annual output which we can and should afford to allocate to these people. The vast preponderance of the bottom fifteen per cent of the poor present no large problem of "incentives" because all responsible studies show that they are genuinely disqualified for much gainful employment. And we have become so rich and productive a nation that the establishment of a system of providing incomes above the poverty level for these people without delay should take high precedence over refined debates as to how help may be extended to them without impairing "incentives."

The guaranteed full-employment program should not be regarded as "costing" anything; for useful work is paid for out of the product it yields, and unemployment is more costly than employment, even of the relatively "inefficient." The increases in social-insurance payments, which should be supported by Federal contributions financed by progressive taxation rather than by regressive payroll taxes, and the guaranteed-income program could lift out of poverty the about forty per cent of the poor at an annual cost in the neighborhood of $4 to 5 billion, *before* allowing for the costs of the unworthy programs which would be replaced, and *before* allowing for the benefits to the whole economy that would result from lifting these twelve million or so people to higher levels of consumption. This $4 to $5 billion a year comes to much less than two-thirds of one per cent of our current gross national product and to far less than we are spending annually to get to the moon.

LEON H. KEYSERLING
Washington, D.C.

BOSTON'S SCHOOLS

To the Editor: Efrem Sigel's article "Balancing Act in Boston" (*The Reporter*, May 4) does well in organizing meaning and order out of the confusing situation here. However, some defects occur.

He states in his opening that the Massachusetts Racial Imbalance Act "defines racial imbalance as a situation in which 'nonwhite' pupils . . . constitute more than half the student body in a school." The first and main definition reads this way: "The term 'racial imbalance' refers to a ratio between non-white and other students in public schools which is sharply out of balance with the racial composition of the society in which non-white children study, serve, and work." Obviously all-white schools, such as those in the suburbs, are out of balance with the society in which non-white children study. The law lies first against such schools.

Mr. Sigel writes that "the act provides that the committee can only ask, it cannot compel"—this in reference to the transshipment of pupils out of a local school. The law merely says that "No school committee . . . shall be required . . . to transport any pupil . . . outside . . . if the parent . . . files written objection." We have taken this to mean that though we're not required to, we're not required not to. The Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court has just held hearings on the constitutionality of the Imbalance Act in which the Attorney General interpreted this section of the law as Mr. Sigel did. Our lawyer argued that the law does not forbid us to transport a Negro pupil to a white school against parental objection. It will be a couple of months, I suppose, before the court reaches a decision.

We can and must ship pupils out of local schools to effect a racial balance in our schools. Yet only one Negro parent in ten—upon repeated polls and questionnaires—consents to the shipment of his children to an outside school. (We don't have sufficient police force to compel enough white students to move into Negro schools to make them balance.)

In conclusion Mr. Sigel quotes me as asserting "that it was the school department that had always favored change, and the critics who had opposed it." Then he goes on to say, "If this is the School Committee's interpretation of the past, there is reason to be apprehensive about the future." Except for the two Latin schools, everything in our Boston Schools is in a state of flux and explosion. Changes in courses of study come from the ground up, from councils of teachers in every subject and every grade, slowed down from time to time only by the political pressure of our critics. As to the future, I can only say that when there isn't a future-looking textbook on the market, I write one, and that everyone enters into a contract with existence on the day he is born, and into a covenant with the Republic at the same time,

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and it is quite a deal (but one in which we claim leadership) to soundly develop both.

JOSEPH LEE
Boston

Mr. Sigel replies:
It is true, as Mr. Lee notes, that there are two definitions of racial imbalance in the statute. But the *working* definition is included in the sentence immediately following the one he quotes, which reads: "For the purpose of this section, racial balance shall be deemed to exist when the percent of non-white pupils in any public school is in excess of fifty percent . . . "

Mr. Lee's contention that "only one Negro parent in ten" consents to have his children bussed has been a favorite of School Department officials. Negro leaders, however, claim that the "polls" Mr. Lee refers to were based on questions biased against bussing. When I tried to obtain a copy of the last poll, the deputy superintendent told me he no longer had a copy. In fact, it would appear that considerably more than one in ten—though perhaps not a majority—of Negro parents *would* consent to bussing under *certain* circumstances. The best evidence for this is their extensive participation in the voluntary Exodus and METCO programs.

I would indeed like to believe, as Mr. Lee claims, that the Boston schools are in "a state of flux and explosion." I am glad we can agree on the value of such ferment; I can only say that, apart from several worthy experiments, it seems a long way from infecting the entire system.

CHAUCER'S CLERK

To the Editor: If Geoffrey Chaucer were alive today he would probably enjoy *The Reporter* as much as the rest of us, but he might have some pungent comments on "A Little Learning" ("The Reporter's Notes," May 18). Chaucer's Clerk of Oxenford is not, as you suggest, the ancestor of today's academic jargoneers, but in fact their very antithesis, both financially ("Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre") and stylistically ("Noght o word spak he more than was nede"). He kept the "Twenty bokes" at his bedside for study, not for show; and the man who "seemed bisier than he was" is not Chaucer's Clerk but his Sergeant of the Lawe—with whatever implications that may have for today's world.

MARTIN K. DOUDNA
Department of English
Mackinac College, Michigan

To the Editor: The "little learning" displayed in your Note suggests scholarship as slipshod as that criticized in the article. Fie on you! Or do you plead poetic license?

KRISTINE OTTESEN GARRIGAN
Madison, Wisconsin

Fie on us, we do so plead;
Chaucerians, please excuse this deed.
Besides which, slipshod or unwary,
We leaned on sources secondary.

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Light Reaches Europe

PARIS

Perhaps because it has come a bit late, Europe's reaction to the discovery that U Thant is not to be depended upon to uphold the U.N.'s fundamental values has been especially bitter. It has also been remarkably unanimous, with the Communists almost the only group abstaining from the general condemnation of Thant's role in the Middle East crisis. To use France as an example, criticism has ranged from the far Right to the non-Communist Left and has included many persons who have heretofore been on Thant's side, more or less, in their attacks on the U.S. position in Vietnam.

As would be expected, politicians and publications that have supported Israel in the past are convinced that Thant's handling of the situation has been catastrophic. Former Premier Guy Mollet, who committed France to the Suez venture in 1956, told the weekly *L'Express* that the troop withdrawal violated Hammarskjöld's agreement with Nasser. Even if it were not illegal, he said, it would still have been "a political error of weighty consequence."

More surprisingly, Francois Mitterand, President of the French Federation of the Socialist Left, termed the withdrawal "an untimely decision . . . juridically contestable, politically deplorable." Pierre Mendès-France, who had condemned the 1956 Suez expedition, called the upsetting of the Middle East equilibrium a "grave error, until now still unexplained, committed by the Secretary General of the United Nations."

Le Figaro's commentator, Raymond Aron, characterized the troop withdrawal as an act of "dazzling incompetence." Aron was scarcely more complimentary toward United States policy: "The landing of three thousand U.S. and British marines at Sharm el Sheikh to temporarily replace the U.N. blue helmets would have defused the crisis," he wrote. "The American combination of firm words and passivity has thrown the major responsibility on Israel."

ONE of the most violent indictments also appeared in *Le Figaro*, one of the most responsible organs of middle-of-the-road European opinion. The paper's U.N. correspondent, Leo Sauvage, compared Hammarskjöld's role in 1956 with Thant's today. Sauvage observed that the U.N. "can no longer count on its Secretary General to develop any usable formulas for a solution." Hammarskjöld himself had been criticized at times for practicing a kind of "U.N. Machiavellianism," Sauvage noted, but at least he practiced it like a master, while Thant has "not known how to use these tools—or has been unwilling to use them—and his resort to personal diplomacy on his own account and by his own means has resulted in a definite worsening of the situation. Covered with flowers not only by Cairo but by Moscow, Thant has perhaps succeeded in winning forgiveness from the East—if not from the Left—for his disconcerting evasions with regard to Vietnam. Does the Secretary General feel that the moment has come to restore at Israel's expense the prestige lost through these incoherent acrobatics, which even his best friends have found incomprehensible?"

After this charge of outright dereliction of duty, even the virulent language of the rightist weekly *Carrefour* seems less damaging. It may be useful, however, to cite as a warning two sentences: "The victors over European national socialism and fascism have filled their General Assembly with the national socialism or fascisms of Africa and Asia. Under the mask that we ourselves have supplied it, a certain anti-white racism dreams of future cataclysms, and the society for the defense of needy dictators flies to the aid of tyrants in trouble."

Already millions of Europeans who are not afflicted with *Carrefour's* nostalgia for a colonialist past come close to sharing the French weekly's appreciation of what the unbridled mystique of anti-colonialism has done to the U.N. If the Secretary General and the U.N.'s deliberative organs are allowed to continue much longer on their present course, these millions in Europe will begin to look on the institution not merely as a pious fraud but as a dangerous shield for aggression and as a permanent threat to their civilization.

—EDMOND TAYLOR

Nasser's Poison Gas

For more than three years there have been recurrent reports that Egypt has used lethal poison gas in the Yemen war in raids on Yemeni and Saudi Arabian villages. Cairo has denied the charges and sporadic efforts by the U.N. and the International Red Cross to pin them down have been confounded by the remote sites of the incidents and the lack of expert investigators. Recently, however, new and specific documentation has been provided to the I.R.C. and the U.N.

On June 2, according to a United Press International dispatch from Geneva, the I.R.C. announced it now has first-hand evidence from its own investigators that poison gas has been used in Yemen. It did not specify who was the user.

On January 14, a team of European doctors sent by the I.R.C. to work with royalist tribesmen in northern Yemen cabled their home office from the Saudi Arabian border town of Najran that they would prefer not to return to Yemen without gas masks. "In view of what we have observed," the cable concluded, "our remarks are not based on fear."

What they had observed was the

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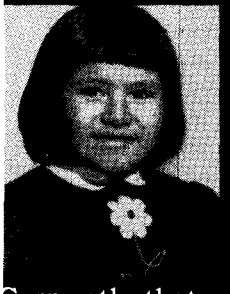
Mary Carnwath works and lives two thousand miles away, in Manhattan. Her own daughter is now grown-up, and through *Save the Children Federation* she is sponsoring one of the village girls, 8-year-old Grace Mahtewa.

The Mahtewas (two parents, three children, one grandmother and a sister-in-law) live tightly packed in a tiny rock and mud house. The father who knows ranch work but can't find any most of the year, isn't able to provide the family with even the bare necessities.



Grace, bright, ambitious and industrious, would possibly have had to quit school as soon as she was old enough to do a day's work. But, because of Mary Carnwath, that won't be necessary.

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Although contributions are deductible, it's not a charity. The aim is not merely to buy one child a few hot meals, a warm coat and a new pair of shoes. Instead, your contribution is used to give the child, the family and the village a little boost that may be all they need to start helping themselves.

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by ELEANOR LANSING DULLES

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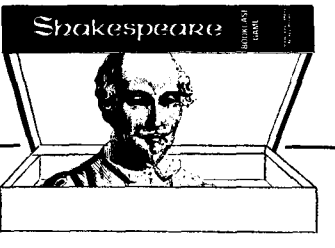

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result of an Egyptian bombing raid on the Yemeni village of Kitaf on January 5. According to a message from King Faisal of Saudi Arabia to the I.R.C. two weeks later, "Bombs dropped in two attacks by Egyptian planes . . . contained poisonous gases . . . and more than a hundred peaceful citizens, men, women and children, fell victim to them, in addition to hundreds of persons stricken with gas poisoning who remain under treatment in hospitals in Saudi Arabia." Twelve of the victims were interviewed by Judith Listowell for the British journal the *Statist*.

On March 22, Jamil N. Baroody, the deputy permanent representative of Saudi Arabia to the United Nations, sent the Secretary General a copy of the medical report by Saudi doctors who examined approximately two hundred Yemenis "who are suffering from gas poisoning," plus a description of the carcasses of three sheep and one goat, and bomb fragments recovered at the scene of the attack. From the report, it appears that the gas used was phosgene which attacks the lungs. Baroody also attached a copy of the cable from the Red Cross doctors to Geneva requesting gas masks.

On May 19, Jerry Greene of the New York *Daily News* reported that United States officials had seen fragments of a gas bomb casing, stamped with Cyrillic letters, that had been recovered following a bombing raid May 13-14 on the Saudi towns of Najran and Jizan. Both the Saudis and U.S. officials say for the record that the attacks on Najran and Jizan involved high explosives, not gas. But other U.S. officials privately confirm the existence of a top-secret U.S. intelligence report to the effect that during the May raids the Egyptians dropped canisters containing a highly sophisticated poison gas, of Soviet origin, that attacks the nervous system and is fatal in very small quantities. The gas is said to have been routinely supplied to Egypt under the Soviet military aid program.

Nothing has been said officially, although a State Department spokesman told us that U.S. concern is one of "anguish combined with a refusal to be the ones to say it is

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HARVARD

definite." The hope in Washington is that the I.R.C. will take the lead by bringing out a full report on the evidence it has accumulated.

Apparently not much can be expected of the United Nations. On April 1, Saudi Arabian deputy representative Baroody again wrote U Thant asking him to make a declaration against the use of lethal gas anywhere in the world. In a reply on April 3, Thant declined, saying that as Secretary General he "is necessarily against war and all warlike acts, including the use of lethal gas anywhere by anyone, and since, as you well know, I have repeatedly given expression of this attitude, I do not believe that any useful purpose would be served by acting on this suggestion at the present time."

Republican Roulette

The Republican Party's eternal war with itself between nostalgia and reality has taken on new coloration with the twin openings in Washington of the Romney for President Committee and the Nixon for President Committee. The forces backing the Michigan governor made their debut quietly on March 20 in a demure, drab office suite. Their first item of propaganda cited documentary evidence from polls showing their undeclared candidate in the lead for next year's Presidential election. On May 23, the Nixon for President Committee held its housewarming with a four-day fete, inviting fellow Republicans and all citizens to join in forcing the former Vice President to overcome his bashfulness and declare himself available for the nomination.

Dr. Gaylord Parkinson, former G.O.P. state chairman in California and a San Diego obstetrician, is majordomo of the Nixon headquarters. His guided tour includes a map that shows the United States divided into nine multicolored sections. The division, Parkinson explains, "will make sure we have a primary to aim at in each area." This conspicuous saber-rattling was not as impressive, however, as the several flyers depicting Nixon now far ahead of Romney in the polls.

Besides indicating fickleness among the constituents of Dr. Gallup *et al*, these polls show that the

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Nixon candidacy is bathing luxuriously in the deep reservoir of Republican nostalgia. After the 1964 Goldwater defeat the G.O.P. divided into two camps, the "never again" club and those who feel that twenty-six million Americans couldn't have been wrong. Of these two groups, the latter is in the ascendancy.

The "never-againers" have placed nearly all their eggs in Romney's basket, despite his inability to express himself clearly and his political troubles in Michigan. For a fallback candidate, the anti-Goldwater forces are torn between Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller of New York, a "never-againer" himself, and Senator Charles H. Percy of Illinois, though Percy is somewhat suspect because he supported Goldwater in 1964 and because of his fluctuating stance on Vietnam. In the curious custom of election-year skepticism, the more Percy acts like a candidate, the more enthusiasm for him wanes. On the other hand, every time Rockefeller denies his availability for the race, speculation increases, spiced with comments on his clever strategy for achieving the nomination.

No such confusion reigns on the other side. Among Nixon's admirers, the fallback man is Governor Ronald Reagan, ready, willing, and already a favorite son from California. He also has what Nixon lacks, a recent election victory. To overcome Nixon's loser image, Dr. Parkinson has a two-word prescription: "winning primaries." The doctor has an added ingredient, something he calls "pizazz." This approach is symbolized in the decor and campaign bric-a-brac of the new Nixon effort. Nixon himself is going through the non-political paces of travel abroad and cautioning against talking politics. As he told Richard Starnes of Scripps-Howard: "Talk to people about candidates now and it is meaningless. They're worried about prices, or about a son in Vietnam, or about what open housing is going to do to the value of their home."

Yes, Nixon is back, with non-politics and pizazz, having moved fast by traveling far. Romney, from current indications, doesn't seem to have enough pizazz to get from Detroit to New Hampshire.

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The U.S. Absence

HEAVY TIMES are upon us, and there is no exoneration for leaders or institutions anywhere. In our country and in the West the worth of more or less routinized ideas prevailing among intellectuals and politicians is being subjected to an extremely severe test. How many times has one heard about the silent Soviet-American partnership for the perpetuation of the status quo? True, the ultimate Communist aim of worldwide conquest has never been abandoned, but the intra-Communist competition was taken as a good omen. Nationalism everywhere was welcomed as an evidence of self-assertiveness. Only in our country, self-assertiveness, even in the face of enemy provocation, is considered as a nuisance. For us, and for us alone, Dr. Johnson's old saying still holds true: Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel.

Now the provocations are here, and they come, directly or indirectly, from our alleged silent partner. For quite a while, troublemakers à la Nkrumah, Sukarno, or Ho Chi Minh, have been freely provided with means of warfare that were intended to be used against us. Recently, the signs that the Soviet Union is probing the toughness of our policy have become more patent, sometimes made obvious by their pedantic repetition, sometimes shyly acknowledged by our government's worry about the safety of Russian sailors in the port of Haiphong. In the Sea of Japan and in the Mediterranean, our ships have been so closely chaperoned by those of the Soviet Union that the avoidance of collision has become standard operating procedure for our Navy commanders.

Now that more Soviet ships have come to keep our Sixth Fleet company, the intention of the emboldened Soviet leaders has become quite clear: they don't mind a direct confrontation with us where we are in a position of strength. They count on an extraordinary degree of forbearance on our part.

Along the shores of the Mediterranean lies a most fateful land, witness of a tragedy the like of which the world has never seen. People who recognize themselves as Jews have congregated there and made a nation. It has proved to be a small but exceptionally brave nation. True, they conquered by force of arms the land they hold, but this is the least of their claims to originality.

Hazardous as it is to guess Soviet intentions, it is hard to see what the Russians would gain by obliterating the State of Israel. For all his rambunctiousness, even Nasser might have some second thoughts about the cost of starting anew where Hitler left off. Rather, they both may think of choking Israel by closing its outlet to the high seas, thereby forcing the Israelis into a new exodus.

At present, the government of the Soviet Union is pursuing two concurrent aims: to humiliate the United States by making it a brooding spectator of the choking-off, and to assume for itself the role that was Britain's. This way, the Soviets interpret the status quo, and from the new position they will have reached they can start a new drive for coexistence.

WHY HAS the administration shown—so far—a reluctance to act? This reluctance can be an evidence of that sense of responsibility we have consistently admired in the President but, if stretched out too long, can prove to be fatal indecisiveness. The President has been aware that to give up in Vietnam would precipitate a series of abominable events, not just in Asia but all over the world—abominable for the people concerned and for our country. Now, while the troops of General Westmoreland are holding their positions in Vietnam, the dominoes have started falling in the Arab world.

The action that can save us can not possibly be through the United Nations. The United Nations is not made to handle tasks of such magnitude; it is not a supergovernment, or a world government in the making. The major responsibility for crucial world affairs lies with the great powers, and in the West, unfortunately, there is no other great power but the United States.

DOES THE ACTION that has more than once been advocated here mean war? It certainly would not have meant war if, with the planes on the *Saratoga* at the ready, our government had made it plain to Nasser that, U.N. or no U.N., he had better leave the Gulf of Aqaba and the port of Elath alone—or else. With every day that goes by, the prospect of war draws closer. This time, we have in front of us the Soviet Union, and even now the scourge of war can still be avoided if we show not only our strength but our unmistakable determination to use it.

As to U Thant, poor man, we feel sorry for him. After so much blabbering about a Soviet-American collision course, he may be the one to bring it about. But let's forget about him: he does not count. He should never have counted. Only the President counts, and we are waiting.

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A Story of Forty-Eight Hours

MEG GREENFIELD

On Friday, May 19, Secretary General U Thant reported to the Security Council on the situation in the Middle East and what he described as "an increasingly dangerous deterioration along the borders there." One day earlier, the Secretary General had received a formal request from the government of the United Arab Republic that steps be taken to withdraw the United Nations Emergency Force from UAR territory and the Gaza Strip, and his immediate acquiescence in this request had provoked considerable criticism of his diplomatic ingenuity and skill. In his report to the Security Council, Thant explained that the UAR request "came suddenly and was unexpected." He added: "The reasons for this [UAR] decision have not been officially stated, but they were clearly regarded as overriding by the government of the United Arab Republic."

When the Secretary General returned from his visit to Cairo the following week, the discontent had increased and so had the confusion concerning his original move. President Johnson had publicly deplored UNEF's "hurried withdrawal." Britain's Prime Minister Harold Wilson, remarking its "disappearance . . . almost overnight" had declared: "We played our full part . . . in every way open to us to urge that this peace-keeping force should not be dismantled. But the decision was taken, and new dangers inexorably followed." Privately among some diplomats and publicly in the Senate and even in the ordinarily friendly editorial columns of the New York *Times*, Thant's performance had been sharply questioned so that, in the course of reporting to the Security Council on his trip, he again felt obliged to explain his earlier action. In his second report, on May 27, the Secretary General denied that "prompt compliance" with Cairo's request was "a primary cause of the present crisis," restated the juridical limitations on the force's presence in the UAR, and sought to answer complaints that he had failed to consult with the appropriate U.N. bodies or with governments that had a stake in what went on in the area. He had consulted with the UNEF Advisory Committee on the day the request arrived, Thant pointed out, adding that the committee had not seen fit to take any action.

By the time that committee was convened on Thursday the 18th, however—five hours after the UAR request had been officially presented and a couple of hours before Thant gave his official reply—it was far too late to reverse events, even if the divided group (Brazil, Canada, Ceylon, Colombia, India, Norway, and Pakistan) had wished to. The Secretary General's own decision had long since been taken and communicated to Cairo.

Indeed, for two days there had been a flurry of activity on the thirty-eighth floor of the U.N. building, and it was in this period that the affair was settled. Many of the Secretary General's critics, in reviewing these two chaotic days, have pointed out that he failed to take advantage of the numerous opportunities available to him for diplomatic maneuver and for stalling, an argument that is at once factually accurate and beside the point.

There is no question that the ambiguities that attended both the legal status of the force and the political objectives of the Egyptians could have been exploited by the Secretary General in an attempt to gain time. The mere fact that the meaning of the original authorization of UNEF by the General Assembly and of Dag Hammarskjöld's subsequent understandings with UAR President Gamal Abdel Nasser are still in contention, indicates that Thant might legitimately have claimed a necessity to consult with the various instrumentalities of the U.N. before he took action, since some have questioned his prerogative to act on his own—let alone his obligation to do so. Moreover, such a delaying claim might have been made even while offering the UAR assurances that the Secretariat had no intention of disregarding President Nasser's ultimate rights in the matter or of seeking to transform UNEF into some kind of occupation force against his will. Similarly, it was far from obvious at the outset what President Nasser had in mind, and the communications from the UAR to the Secretary General left plenty of room for a less cataclysmic interpretation than Thant immediately put on them.

What makes all these lost opportunities beside the point is a fact that has not been well understood by the Secretary General's critics. There is no evidence that Thant was simply at a loss for ways to head off the UAR's demand or for alternative methods of meeting it

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when it came. On the contrary, he resisted such moves as were suggested to gain time for exploration, persuasion, and maneuver. To understand why the Secretary General followed the course of action he did, it is necessary first to know what that course of action was. And although much of the story is available in public documents—not just in private narrative—it has been strangely garbled in the reporting.

Tuesday, May 16

Most of the dispute about Thant's reaction has centered on Thursday, May 18, when, as the New York *Times* has recounted it, the Secretary General decided that he had no choice but to comply with the UAR request, which had arrived at noon that day. According to Thant's own report to the General Assembly, however, he had been quite clear in his own mind about his response well before that. The first indication of trouble for UNEF had reached the Secretariat late in the afternoon on Tuesday, May 16. Major General Indar Jit Rikhye, the Indian commander of UNEF, cabled the Secretariat of the receipt of a somewhat grotesque communication from General Mahmoud Fawzi, chief of staff of the UAR's armed forces. It was cryptic to the point of obscurity, and it demanded that General Rikhye withdraw his troops from the Sinai borders so that UAR troops could take over their positions.

"To your information," General Fawzi wrote, "I gave my instructions to all UAR armed forces to be ready for action against Israel the moment it might carry out any aggressive action against any Arab country. . . . Our troops are already concentrated in Sinai on our eastern borders. For the sake of complete secure [sic] of all U.N. troops which install OPs [observation posts] along our borders, I request that you issue your orders to withdraw all these troops immediately. . . . Inform back the fulfilment of this request. Yours. . . ."

Faced with this odd request that he get out of the way on General Fawzi's orders, General Rikhye quite properly replied that he could not redeploy his forces on his own authority, much less on that of General Fawzi, and that he must cable to the Secretariat for instructions.

When General Rikhye's report reached New York on Tuesday afternoon, May 16, it was susceptible of several interpretations. One was that General Fawzi was asking the UNEF commander to make way for his troops in Sinai while continuing to stand between them and the Israelis along the Gaza Strip. This either could or could not have been an attempt to retain UNEF's protection in one area in order to prosecute the war more comfortably and securely in another. Then there was the question of authority. The artless prose of General Fawzi's message suggested that his order might not have been cleared with the foreign office in Cairo and thus did not represent an official UAR position. Accordingly, the Secretary General

summoned the UAR's permanent representative to the U.N., Mohamed Awad El Kony, to his office for clarification of the report at 6:45 P.M. on the 16th, about two hours after his receipt of General Rikhye's cable.

AMBASSADOR EL KONY, who arrived in his dinner jacket enroute to a social engagement, was no help at all: he had no information or instructions whatever concerning General Fawzi's demand, a fact that enhanced the possibility that General Fawzi might have been acting on his own or that his order was something in the nature of a probe. The Secretary General then requested that Ambassador El Kony communicate most urgently to his government the Secretariat's own position. It was, first, that General Rikhye had behaved entirely correctly in rejecting such a demand, since he must take his orders exclusively from the Secretariat. Thant also invited clarification. He wished to know if General Fawzi was requesting a temporary and/or a partial redeployment of U.N. forces. Presumably having in mind the theory that General Fawzi simply wished to manipulate the U.N. positions for his own convenience, Thant was very clear in pointing out that either of these conditions was entirely unacceptable.

Then, half as a threat and half as a promise, Thant himself raised for the first time the possibility of the withdrawal of the U.N. force as a whole from the territory of the UAR. By way of threatening, he observed that any request for a partial or temporary rearrangement would be considered by him tantamount to a request for complete withdrawal. By way of promising, he reminded Ambassador El Kony of his government's own prerogatives. Thus, on the basis of General Fawzi's peculiar message to General Rikhye, which he had only had in hand for about two hours, and of which the UAR delegate had never even heard, Thant—by his own account—made the following point: "If it was the intention of the government of the United Arab Republic to withdraw the consent which it gave in 1956 for the stationing of UNEF on the territory of the United Arab Republic and in Gaza, it was, of course, entitled to do so."

In addition to this reminder of the UAR's rights, Thant volunteered to Ambassador El Kony what his own position and consequent actions would be. The Secretary General has said he informed the UAR delegate then and there that "any request for the withdrawal of UNEF must come directly to the Secretary General from the government of the United Arab Republic," adding, "On receipt of such a request the Secretary General would order the withdrawal of all UNEF troops from Gaza and Sinai, simultaneously informing the General Assembly of what he was doing and why." In short, Thant had 1) introduced into the diplomatic ex-

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change the prospect of a complete and final withdrawal, and 2) removed any possible anxiety or doubt on the part of President Nasser as to how he would respond to such a move.

OVERNIGHT from Tuesday, May 16, to Wednesday, May 17, reports came in from the field of a number of bloodless encounters between troops of the UAR and General Rikhye's Yugoslav soldiery who were stationed on the Sinai frontier. After his visit with El Kony, U Thant had instructed General Rikhye to do what he could to maintain UNEF positions while the Secretariat awaited clarification from Cairo. What was occurring in the field was an effort by General Fawzi—which eventually succeeded—to interpose his own forces between the Israelis and UNEF, so that UNEF, which had functioned as a buffer force along the Sinai line two thousand meters in front of the UAR troops, was put in the rather embarrassing position of being a buffer force behind the lines. UNEF did not have enforcement powers in its mandate, but General Rikhye managed to put up some resistance to the movement of UAR troops and to the ultimatums of its officers during this period. At one point his protests succeeded in getting some UAR troops ordered out of a U.N. observation post in Sinai at El Sabha. And he also refused to redeploy some of his troops when UAR officers instructed him to do so.

Wednesday, May 17

By early morning of Wednesday, May 17, in New York, however, General Rikhye had informed the Secretariat of yet another ultimatum from General Fawzi. This time he was given twenty-four hours to get his Yugoslav contingents out of Sinai and forty-eight hours to withdraw his detachment from Sharm el Sheikh overlooking the Strait of Tiran. He reported the advance of sizable contingents of UAR troops into the contested area.

There has been a good deal of acrimony on the subject of who was consulted by whom and at what point in the course of all this. Thant certainly did not request the views of the U.S. government prior to

his Tuesday night exchange with El Kony. After that, things become somewhat murky, because reports had begun to come in not only from General Rikhye to the Secretariat but also from various embassies in Cairo to their respective governments about what was going on in Sinai. Moreover, the Egyptian radio and the newspaper, *Al Ahram*, which speaks for the government, had reported that the troops of UNEF were being withdrawn. Reuters picked up the story and it was soon under active informal discussion all around the U.N.

Some time that Wednesday morning, the Secretary General did get in touch with the representatives of the countries with troops deployed in the UAR: India, Brazil, Yugoslavia, Canada, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. He advised them that he wished to meet with them at four in the afternoon. According to some of these delegates, however, Thant did not inform them of the purpose of the meeting they were to attend or of the situation that had brought it about, with the result that they were taken unawares (and uninstructed), having had little to go on other than the rumors that were spreading.

The U.S. mission, which had not been consulted, did not wait to be, but rather sought a briefing on what had already occurred and on what Thant intended to do. In Washington, at the State Department's regular noon briefing that day, Robert J. McCloskey, the Department's spokesman, made the following statement: "The action most conducive to international peace and security in the conditions of tension that now prevail would not be to diminish the U.N. role in the area, but rather to increase its effectiveness on all of the frontiers. . . ."

According to the State Department, this declaration was not made in response to any information provided it by the Secretariat, but rather to that contained in the *Al Ahram* article. The Department at that moment was still unaware of what Thant had in mind or of what he considered his choices to be, although as a State Department officer who helped prepare its public statement has said, "It didn't even occur to us that he would withdraw the force unilaterally." The circumstances surrounding Washington's behavior that day are of some interest because the State Department's declaration was one of two U.S. gestures whose wisdom has been questioned at the Secretariat. The other concerns some diplomatic representations the Egyptians have said were made in Cairo by the United States and Canada, urging them to avoid any sudden or irrevocable decision. Although this would not appear to be either an unlikely step or a particularly inflammatory one, it is a widely (and highly) held view in the Secretariat that the McCloskey statement and the alleged diplomatic demarches in Cairo on the part of the U.S. and Canadian embassies were provocative over-reactions and in no small measure responsible for President Nasser's subsequent request for the withdrawal of UNEF.

IN THE RUSH of diplomatic activity that began that Wednesday, one thing appears certain. Although the Secretary General talked with a lot of delegates, it was not with a view to organize pressure on President Nasser that might have influenced his decision or his behavior.

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Rather, Thant took soundings which soon led him to the conclusion that should Nasser request withdrawal, the governments of India and Yugoslavia would not countenance the presence of their troops on his soil for one minute against his will. In other words, they would order their own contingents out, no matter what the Secretariat did.

These views were also made plain by them at the meeting of troop contributors that afternoon. Reportedly, at that meeting the Brazilians and the Canadians strongly urged the Secretary General to enter into private negotiations with Nasser before Cairo reached its decision or made it known. The Secretary General is said to have declined to do so, observing that he could hardly contest a position that the government of the UAR had not yet taken or communicated to the U.N. if it had. At this point, however, many had the impression that the Secretary General was still amenable to the idea of a personal appeal to President Nasser *after* any formal request for a troop withdrawal arrived from Cairo.

In addition, Thant stressed his fears for the safety of the troops, pointed out that any request from Cairo for a UNEF redeployment would amount to a request for the force's withdrawal, and expressed again his appreciation of the importance of UAR consent to any U.N. presence there. Some delegates emphasized their hope that any withdrawal would proceed on an orderly and dignified basis and not as a retreat in the face of a threat to peace in the area. No general agreement was reached at the meeting.

Earlier that Wednesday, a spokesman for the Secretary General had issued a public statement emphasizing Thant's belief that UNEF could not remain in the UAR if Cairo's consent were withdrawn, or if "the conditions under which it operates were so qualified that the force was unable to function effectively." Ambassador El Kony had yet to return with an official clarification, but at 5:30 that afternoon Thant presented him with an *aide mémoire*. In it, Thant asked him to express to UAR Foreign Minister Mahmoud Riad the Secretary General's "most serious concern" over developments in the past day affecting the U.N. contingents. Once again he upheld General Rikhye's propriety in taking his orders only from the Secretariat, and once again he threatened to withdraw UNEF altogether. "The Secretary General is obliged to state," he said, "that UNEF cannot remain in the field under the conditions described in the foregoing paragraphs. . . . If therefore, the orders to the troops of the United Arab Republic referred to above are maintained, the Secretary General will have no choice but to order the withdrawal of UNEF from Gaza and Sinai as expeditiously as possible."

At the same time, Thant presented Ambassador El Kony with a separate memorandum rehearsing the terms of the original agreements between Dag Hammarskjöld and President Nasser, in which both the U.N. and the UAR pledged "good faith" in their conduct, and in which the Secretariat, with the approval of the General Assembly, had affirmed its "willingness to maintain UNEF until its task is completed."

Although the Secretariat had yet to receive any formal communication whatever from Cairo (with the exception of General Fawzi's erratic correspondence which took the form of messages to its commander in the field), the Secretary General had now twice indicated to Ambassador El Kony his disposition to withdraw the UNEF force, and he had also authorized a public statement to this effect. The only perceptible effect any of the diplomatic activity had had was to shorten the period of time General Fawzi allowed in his ultimatums. Presently more reports came in. UAR officers had paid a call on the UNEF forces at El Amr and given the Yugoslavian platoon fifteen minutes to get out. They had informed the U.N.'s commanding officer at Sharm el Sheikh that they intended to take over his camp and had given him, too, fifteen minutes to make his reply.

CERTAIN EVENTS which took place that crucial Wednesday suggest that there was, in fact, somewhat more communication between Thant and the Egyptians during the day than the Secretary General chose to tell the delegates or to include in his subsequent accounts. A high-level exchange with Cairo during the day, according to some who were close to the affair, confirmed him in the course of action he had already begun. By this account, Thant is said to have learned that the UAR had now decided to request UNEF's withdrawal. Moreover—the story goes—he was threatened with the prospect of a bloody and disorderly rout of the troops if he did not accede to the request at once. He had, of course, already made known the night before his readiness to withdraw and in this exchange he is reported to have reaffirmed it. Why this menacing of the troops would not have been made part of the record by him if it did occur is unclear.

Another disputed episode concerns the fate of the personal appeal Thant had considered making to President Nasser following any formal request for withdrawal. It is claimed by some of Thant's critics that he lost any appetite he had for even such an *ex post facto* effort when Ambassador El Kony informed him, shortly after the troop contributors' meeting, that such an appeal would itself

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be considered a hostile and unacceptable act by Cairo. In any event, it was not made.

Misgivings—After the Fact

At noon on Thursday, May 18, Ambassador El Kony finally provided clarification for the record. He presented the Secretary General with the communication from his foreign minister announcing that the UAR had "decided to terminate the presence of the United Nations Emergency Force from the territory of the United Arab Republic and the Gaza Strip." "Therefore," he added, "I request that the necessary steps be taken for the withdrawal of the Force as soon as possible." This last phrase submits to many meanings in the discourse of diplomacy, but the Secretary General took it at face value.

It was at this point that Thant finally convened the UNEF Advisory Committee, a group whose composition, like that of the troop-contributing countries, ruled out the possibility of political agreement. In any event, Thant indicated at the meeting that he felt the U.N. had no choice but to comply at once and that he considered the authority to do so to repose in himself as Secretary General.

The meeting was convened at five on Thursday, and shortly after it ended Thant handed his reply to Ambassador El Kony. He referred back to his own earlier messages accepting the UAR's right to take the action it had and declared his acceptance of its terms. He intended, Thant said, to issue instructions to General Rikhye "to be put in train without delay for the orderly withdrawal of the Force, its vehicles and equipment, and for the disposal of all properties pertaining to it." At the end of his message Thant permitted himself a reflection: "In all frankness," he said, "may I advise you that I have serious misgivings about it, for . . . I believe that this Force has been an important factor in maintaining relative quiet in the area of its deployment . . . and that its withdrawal may have grave implications for peace." It was the first time in the forty-eight hours since General Fawzi's original note arrived that Thant had made this point.

Why did Thant choose to handle the situation the way he did? There are many explanations available at the U.N. both for what he did do and for what he did not—the latter being, in many ways, more interesting. Within the Secretariat and among friendly delegations, his positive actions are believed to have been based on a reading of the political, military, and legal aspects of the problem that goes something like this:

UNEF's buffer function in Sinai had been informally arrived at in an understanding between UNEF officers and the local UAR officers, who were thus entitled to abrogate it at will. Once the UAR troops moved forward, UNEF was militarily useless and any resistance would have violated its original mandate, which did not provide for enforcement operations, and it also would have endangered UNEF troops elsewhere in the UAR. However unlikely it may seem to some that President Nasser would order an armed assault on the small and vulnerable contingents from Yugoslavia, India, and other friendly nations who were stationed on his territory, within the Secretariat there was considerable anxiety on this point. The argument that the U.N. troops by their mere presence could have served a useful purpose is also discounted, it being held that they would have been humiliated by having lost control of the area—a humiliation that would have redounded to the discredit of the U.N. as a whole.

Behind this analysis and also underlying the Secretary General's performance there is the assumption that no effort to sway President Nasser from his course would be made. UNEF's continued presence, for instance, would undeniably have been justified in temporarily humiliating circumstances only if the Secretariat intended to use the interim to gain new agreements with the UAR or to attempt to get the General Assembly to consider the affair. President Nasser's original intentions in all this remain a matter of dispute, but it is hotly denied at the Secretariat that Thant's approach to him in any way encouraged his drastic actions. Thant's early threat to withdraw UNEF in its entirety is viewed as a warning that General Fawzi could not get away with a maneuver that would have redeployed the U.N. forces in a manner advantageous to him. Thant's reassurances of the UAR's right to withdraw its consent and his deliberate failure to bring pressure to bear are viewed as evidence of his political wisdom.

THIS LAST POINT goes to the heart of Thant's diplomacy and his assessment of the role of the U.N. Why was he so reluctant to consult with President Nasser or to urge restraint on him? The answer given on the 38th floor of the U.N. is that Thant was at pains to prove to the Egyptians and to others that UNEF was not an occupation force, that it was not a "western intervention"—as it was put to me—or an Anglo-American or "big power" front. It was reportedly Thant's fear that President Nasser might have such negative thoughts as these which caused him so much distress when the State Department issued its statement in support of the U.N. force in the Middle East and when the United States and Canada made their diplomatic representations in Cairo.

As one permanent delegate has explained this line of thought, which is not exclusive to the Secretariat: "A lot of people believed that the American and Canadian reaction proved to the Arabs what they had always suspected: that this was an intervention and that the Russians were right. The Russians have been telling them that UNEF was a front and that it was working for the CIA, and the Arabs believe that is true. What the Americans did—and the Canadians and the British—showed them that the Russians were right, and that, as much as anything, is behind Nasser's telling UNEF to get out."

What is most striking in this appraisal and in the whole train of events is the absence of any sense of the U.N. as an entity with interests to protect or objectives to pursue. It is one of the oddities of the Secretary General's style of leadership, in fact, that although he is in no way reluctant to assert the existence of the U.N.'s prerogatives when he feels they have been ignored, he is far from clear in expressing what they are.

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Labor's Middle-Class Revolt

A. H. RASKIN

For the third time this year Congress is unhappily contemplating passage of a special law proposed by President Johnson to deal with a single strike threat on the railroads The indications are that the legislators will flounder almost up to the time the trains are scheduled to stop running in mid-June and then reluctantly agree to the President's call for another ninety-day truce.

The approval will come not because anyone on either side of Capitol Hill is particularly enthusiastic about the White House formula, but because it holds the promise of reaching a definitive settlement of the dispute between the railroads and six unions of skilled shop employees without running headlong into either of the extreme measures the legislators fear—compulsory arbitration or seizure of the railroads.

Passage of the bill will end another dreary episode in the common endeavor of the administration and Congress to escape responsibility for the enactment of permanent legislation aimed at giving the country more dependable protection against emergency strikes. Washington, it appears, has decided there is too much political dynamite in doing anything more than improvising an answer to each crisis as it occurs.

The worst part about this decision is that it comes in a year when pugnacity is coming back into unpleasant vogue as the dominant note in labor-management relations after seven years of relative industrial tranquility. Rubber, trucking, newspapers, and railroads have already provided the battleground for major disputes, and the threat of strike hangs over both sides in the automobile industry as they prepare for Big Three negotiations this fall.

At least as damaging to the economy as the shutdowns is the inflated level of wage contracts made under the club of strikes and strike threats. The wage-price guideposts inherited from the Kennedy administration exist only as a forlorn echo in plaintive speeches by Gardner Ackley, chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers. Most current contracts in key industries now call for increases double the 3.2 per cent a year that used to be the "magic number" under the guideposts. And if agreements now being reached by construction unions in Ohio set a precedent, the level may go well above ten per cent.

The Splintered Guideposts

The 3.2 per cent figure, mirroring the long-term growth in efficiency per man hour, was intended to operate with great flexibility and discrimination. In practice it became a straitjacket for all wages.

That was mistake No. 1, but it might not have proved disastrous had the administration not shrunk from exerting any pressure in support of one of the guideposts' most basic underpinnings. It had been recognized from the start that there was little hope of making the pay restraints work if the only result of holding down wages was to send profits skyrocketing in industries where efficiency was going up much faster than the national average.

The remedy, as the CEA conceived it, was for employers to share the fruits of high productivity with consumers by cutting prices. But industry, enjoying one fat year after another, showed no interest in letting the public have a slice of the pie in lower prices.

Last year, with profits still going up, six years of remarkable price stability gave way to a 3.3 per cent increase in consumer prices. At that point workers saw their pay increases evaporate as fast as they got them and they wound up the year with a net loss in buying power. The combination of record profits, inflated prices, and a tight labor market would in themselves have doomed the guideposts. But the administration didn't wait for them to die. It helped them along by the ineptitude of its peace efforts in the airlines strike last summer. The net result of the President's intervention—undertaken to avoid the embarrassment of a frontal clash with labor over passage of a law to end the strike—was to bring him two humiliating rebuffs at the hands of the striking unions and to force him to set the White House imprimatur on a five per cent settlement.

Now, with the auto negotiations approaching and with Walter P. Reuther determined to establish a new wage altitude record, Gardner Ackley has undertaken a belated campaign in behalf of the guideposts. But no exhortations are going to stop the wage-price spiral at this stage. Labor is saying,"We've been shortchanged too long; it's time to get ours." And industry, worried by the 1967 profit downturn and by signs of slack in several key sectors,

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is disposed to fight where it cannot raise prices.

The odd feature of this year's battles is that most of them reflect what Professor George W. Taylor of the University of Pennsylvania, one of the ablest of the country's industrial peacemakers, calls an "upper-middle-class revolution" inside labor. The push for "more and better" in most of the highly unionized industrial centers is coming from the upper crust of labor, the skilled workers, resentful of the erosion of their preferred status by the leveling effect of many years of industry-wide across-the-board pay increases. The men involved were once considered the aristocrats of labor—tool-and-die makers, machinists, printers, and others who served years of apprenticeship to master their craft.

The formation of the CIO in 1935 was primarily an uprising by the advocates of mass industrial unionism against the craft domination by the AFL. The watchword of the CIO was standard pay increases for all workers, skilled and unskilled alike. That practice broke down after the Second World War under the pressure of craft discontent and the new weapon which craftsmen obtained with adoption of the Taft-Hartley Act in 1947—the right to a separate bargaining unit of their own whenever a majority in any craft registered its unwillingness to remain submerged in a plant-wide or industry-wide unit.

Yet, even with the pay adjustments that have been made in recent years to appease skilled workers, many of them remain disaffected. They feel they are the only ones doing work of genuine consequence and they want more adequate compensation before automation reduces them to the status of button-pushers and dial-watchers.

A Clash of Craftsmen

Much of the conflict that has kept the New York newspapers in a state of recurrent turmoil arises from this urge among craftsmen to recapture their place at the head of the wage parade. The 114-day city-wide strike of 1962-1963 began out of the determination of the Printers' Union to take the leadership role in negotiations away from the New York Newspaper Guild, a semi-industrial union embracing groups ranging from cleaning women to copy editors. Bertram A. Powers, the new strong man of the press unions, won election as president of the printers in 1961 on a promise to end the negotiating pattern that had cost them their old dominance.

He has succeeded so well that this year the publishers agreed to put wage increases on a percentage basis, in place of the uniform money packages that all unions have got in recent years. The change benefits the printers and other top skill crafts at the expense of those at the bottom of the pay scale, the drivers and mailers. But the immediate effect of the twenty-one per cent increase Powers received in his new three-year contract was to persuade the fading *World Journal Tribune* that it was time to give up the ghost.

It is the same kind of unhappiness that lies behind the current rail strike threat. The 137,000 shopcraft employees—eighty per cent of them skilled workers—now average $2.90 an hour, as compared to New York subway porters who will get $3.06 an hour July 1. The railway crafts rejected the same five per cent increase that was accepted voluntarily by most of the eighteen other rail unions. A special Presidential board, the second to examine their dispute, has recommended that the shopcrafts get a six per cent increase under an eighteen-month contract, with three additional increases of a nickel each for skilled workers at six-month intervals during the pact. The unions want more.

Pressure from the skilled workers is also a major factor in the militancy which Walter Reuther has been showing in his pre-negotiation thrusts at the Big Three. At its last convention the United Automobile Workers amended its constitution to give its skilled trades a veto over any contract negotiated by the union. That means the companies will have to run three distinct strike gantlets in their efforts to hammer out agreements this fall.

Their first task will be to arrive at a meeting of minds on how big an increase in wages and fringe benefits is warranted for all the workers. Since Reuther has enunciated the concept that the more the workers get, the "fatter and fatter and fatter" the golden goose will grow for the auto manufacturers, that could be a difficult enough task all by itself. But experience in the 1961 and 1964 agreements makes it evident that an overall pay understanding is of no importance until all the individual UAW locals pronounce themselves satisfied on the thousands of plant problems they dump on the national bargaining table. Last time General Motors was held hostage for a month while these problems were ironed out. At Ford the shutdown lasted two weeks. Now on top of these hurdles will come for the first time this year a separate ratification vote on the master contract by the skilled tradesmen, a vote that would enable this minority bloc to overrule the majority.

THE FERMENT on the industrial front is matched, even exceeded, by bellicosity among unionized state, county, and municipal employees. In New York the rising tide of coercive action against the community by unions determined to push public officials further than they felt the public purse could stand finally drove the state legislature into adopting a more realistic substitute for the Condon-Wadlin Act prohibiting civil-service strikes.

The old law, passed after a Buffalo teachers' strike in 1947, prescribed penalties so drastic that it proved unworkable. The new one, product of teamwork between Republican Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller and the Democratic Speaker of the Assembly, Anthony J. Travia, couples the ban on strikes with comprehensive machinery for negotiation, mediation, and impartial fact-finding to assure the workers that denial of the strike weapon will not deprive them of equity.

The measure will not actually become effective until September 1, but already the unions representing subway workers, teachers, and sev-

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eral other groups of municipal employes in New York have vowed to "reject and repudiate" it and to drive all its sponsors out of public life. What irks the unions most is that the law's penalties for defiance of the strike ban are directed at the union treasuries, rather than at the individual strikers.

Condon-Wadlin used to provide for wholesale dismissals and for long-term disqualification from pay increases. The new law mandates a fine against the union of $10,000 or one week's dues for each day of an illegal strike. It also requires an eighteen-month cut-off in the automatic collection of union dues out of employee paychecks under check-off arrangements with the city or state. The prospect of having to collect their own dues seems to bother union chiefs even more than the fine. The law's big tests are likely to come in September when the city teachers have their contract showdown with the Board of Education and at year's end when the transit employees take up where they left off after the 1966 strike.

Toward a Solution

President Johnson's reluctance even to attempt to get a basic law through Congress to provide better safeguards against strike crises stems from his inability to get any consensus from labor, industry, or independent experts on what kind of legislation to recommend. Labor is taking the same position it took in 1947 when the Taft-Hartley Act was under consideration and again in 1959 when the Landrum-Griffin Labor Reform Act was up. It says "No" to everything. The particular irony in its current stand is that Taft-Hartley, which it denounced as a "slave-labor law" for years after its passage, is now the rock on which it rests in its opposition to any new strike curbs. Labor prefers the eighty-day no-strike injunction under the national emergency provisions of the Taft law to anything that might come out of a new look by the administration and Congress.

Industry is totally at odds on what to do. Most of the railroads and airlines favor a special Transportation Labor Act that would provide some form of compulsory arbitration as the final step if all other attempts at settlement fail. Most other large employers, however, are as dead set against compulsory arbitration as is labor. They contend that it would put government so deep into the adjudication of labor-management disputes that collective bargaining would atrophy and wages, prices, and profits would all eventually come under Federal control.

Toward the end of last year, the President sought to cut through the stalemate on labor-management guidance by turning over the job of drafting strike-law proposals to a special White House task force. It consisted of five administration officials, headed by Under Secretary of State Nicholas de B. Katzenbach, presumably as a carryover from his service as Attorney General.

There were also five professors, all experts in labor relations and labor law—John Dunlop and Derek Bok of Harvard, Benjamin Aaron of the University of California at Los Angeles, Keith Mann of Stanford, and Bernard D. Meltzer of the University of Chicago. None of the ideas they put forth appealed to Mr. Johnson enough to impel him to incorporate them into a general recommendation for Congressional action, but one of their suggestions did provide the nucleus of the formula he is now pushing to settle the shopcraft row on the railroads.

It represents a novel blend of negotiation, mediation, fact-finding, and compulsory arbitration, but the

mix is so unusual that it does not lend itself to ready classification under any of these established headings. The essence of the approach is a two-step fact-finding that would end in a binding award if the parties still cannot agree. This is how it works: The union and the industry come to the brink of a strike with no settlement in sight. The President appoints a special board to mediate the dispute. If these peace efforts fail, it holds hearings and makes recommendations on all unresolved issues. If these prove unacceptable after a specified period for further negotiation and mediation, the board holds further hearings at which it calls upon both sides to show cause why its proposals should not be made binding. In the light of these hearings, it then issues a final report reaffirming its original recommendations or proposing modifications. These become the basis for further negotiation and mediation, but if the deadlock remains unbroken, the final report becomes mandatory for a two-year period and both sides have to abide by it without strikes or lockouts.

This procedure has now been adopted by the President as his answer to the rail-strike threat. The only trouble is that he fastened on it only after two Presidential boards had already assessed the case without effective results and after Congress had authorized two emergency extensions of the sixty-day cooling-off period originally provided by the Railway Labor Act. One of these had lasted for twenty days and the other will have run for forty-seven days when it expires June 19.

Variety and Constraint

The new bill would provide still another extension of ninety days, during which a brand new board would start mediating on the basis of the recommendations left over by the last one. It would then hold a show-cause proceeding and promulgate final recommendations, which would eventually become binding by Congressional order if the parties were still at odds. The railroads are backing the bill, even though they are sorry that it is a one-shot affair instead of a permanent substitute for the existing emergency machinery. Labor is vehemently opposed to the measure; George Meany calls it compulsory arbitration and demands that the railroads be seized if the President considers uninterrupted transportation so vital to the national welfare. Congress would love to forget the whole thing but, with a war in Vietnam and trouble in the Middle East, it dares not let the trains stop and it knows of no

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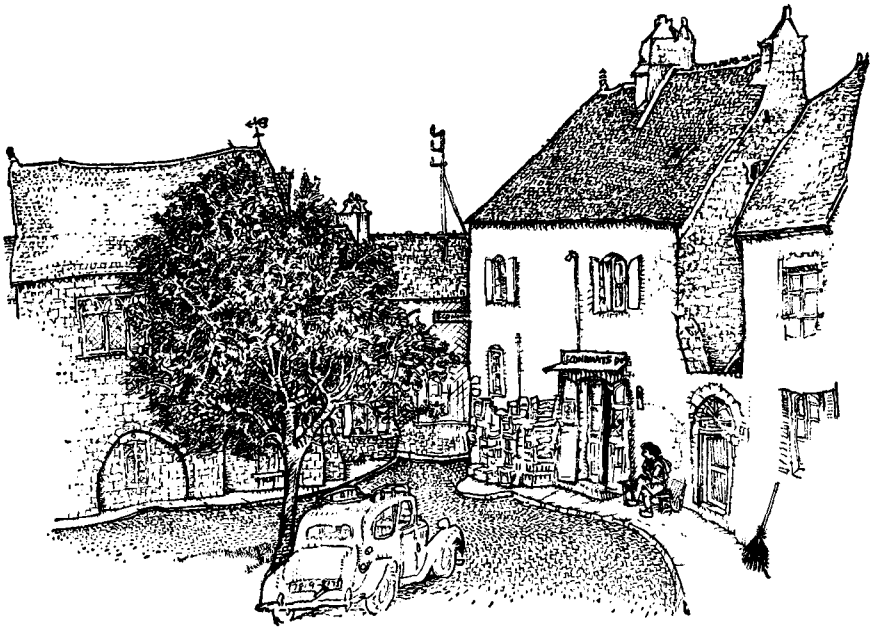
better way to keep them running.

It is plain that the present laws provide neither inhibition against strikes in vital industries nor effective means for ending them. The President ought to have, written into law, a broad variety of courses he may follow whenever he feels a strike will cause grave national injury. The cross between fact-finding and compulsory arbitration which he is now testing on the railroads ought to be one of these courses. So should the more conventional forms of mediation and fact-finding, injunctions, or temporary seizures covering all of a threatened industry or only those parts deemed essential to meet national needs.

There would be nothing in such a law to prevent unions and employers in any industry from establishing dependable peace machinery of their own through the exercise of their independent initiative and out of an awareness of their distinctive problems. One thing that would obviously contribute in a significant way to the substitution of reason for muscle would be a vastly expanded use of the year-round conference technique under which all mutual problems would be discussed without the tensions of a strike deadline. In March of this year Armour & Co. proved this point by negotiating sound contracts with both of its meat-packing unions a full half-year before the scheduled expiration date. New York lithographers did much the same thing at the same time to the mutual satisfaction of employers and union.

Nothing is more conducive to ensuring force as the arbiter in industrial disputes than the notion that neither side can move without a "crunch" that comes on a specific hour of a specific day. This is the most juvenile of all the myths carried over from the early years of the New Deal, when labor-management relationships were radically changing and each side felt the need for testing the other's manhood in every negotiation. If labor and industry are genuinely dedicated to preserving collective bargaining as a useful social instrument, it is time for them to demonstrate that it is a mechanism for sanity and progress, not the endless refighting of old wars at the public's expense.



A Temporary Victory For de Gaulle

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

AT THE BEGINNING of President de Gaulle's press conference last month, a member of a futuristic literary sect (Isadore Isou's *Lettrisme*) jumped to his feet and surprised reporters by delivering a long harangue, disguised as a question about the government's economic philosophy, without interference from the general's aides or *gorilles*. De Gaulle himself listened with solemn courtesy until the cultist finally ran out of breath, then said, "Thank you for your press conference."

Even if the burlesque incident was completely spontaneous—as most authorities here seem to believe—it illustrated de Gaulle's genius for exploiting any opportunity for helping his political adversaries to make themselves look ridiculous. The *Lettriste* crank had no particular connection with the opposition leaders who had challenged Premier Georges Pompidou's government in the National Assembly by filing a motion of censure contrary to his request for sweeping decree powers in the economic area, and who had instigated a nationwide general strike—once the ultimate weapon of the revolutionary Left—to help them save the parliamentary prerogative from a more or less imaginary threat. Somehow, though, by the way General de Gaulle handled what would normally have seemed an irritating distraction from the drama of his own performance, he sensitized his listeners—some of them for the first time—to the contrived theatricality of the constitutional crisis the opposition was trying to build up in the public mind.

When "the three days that were to shake France," as an anti-Gaullist organ, the weekly *l'Express*, put it, had run their course, winding up with the expected defeat of the offensive against the government in the Assembly, the general found another characteristically fortuitous occasion to deflate whatever remained of the mock-heroics engendered by the week's events, and in so doing again rubbed the salt of Gaullist irony into his opponents' wounds. The day after Pompidou's close but adequate parliamentary victory—though the Gaullists now have officially a majority of only one

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in the Assembly, the motion of censure failed by a margin of eight votes —General de Gaulle, a well-known soccer fan, formally attended the finals for the French championship between the Lyons and the Sochaux teams. He even managed to get himself photographed as, with democratic bonhommie, he tossed back a ball that had providentially bounced into the stands and onto the presidential lap. At the end of the game he presented a silver cup, accompanied by the traditional French accolade, to the captain of the winning Lyons eleven, then, turning to the defeated team, embraced their captain too, and remarked consolingly, "After all, someone had to be the winner."

The View From the Left

The President was thus explaining to the nation—with the help of the sports reporters at the Parc aux Princes stadium—that there had never been a national crisis at all, no genuine threat to parliamentary democracy on the one hand or to public order on the other, but merely a political match to test who had really won the March elections, and that naturally the stronger, smarter team had triumphed.

The opposition, of course, disputes the Gaullist interpretation of the conflict and contends that the failure of the motion of censure against Pompidou was an empty victory for the government, perhaps even a Pyrrhic one. The more clearheaded opposition supporters now realize, though they do not like to admit, that their leaders were maneuvered by Pompidou and de Gaulle into overdramatizing the situation, but the real struggle, as they see it, took place inside the majority; by cracking the whip preventively as it were, over his restless Independent Republican allies, Premier Pompidou merely postponed the disintegration of the Gaullist coalition while possibly making it all the more inevitable.

Conversely, by demanding virtually a blank check in the field of economic policy at the beginning of a new legislature, Pompidou, it is argued, defied the spirit if not the letter of the Gaullist constitution itself, and thus welded Communists, François Mitterand's Federation of the Left, and the surviving centrists into a coherent opposition, backed by the popular masses who participated in the general strike. As time goes on, the opposition will become even more united, while the majority will fall apart.

THERE ARE elements of truth in both the Gaullist and opposition analysis of the situation. The strike, for example, was undoubtedly a technical success from the viewpoint of the national labor organizations that called it, particularly from that of the Communist-dominated CGT. For twenty-four hours the nation's economic life was truly paralyzed. It seems probable, however, that the workers were far less concerned with the supposed threat to parliamentary institutions than with the alleged danger that the government will use its decree powers to make radical changes in the social-security system. Moreover, the management of numerous private firms facilitated the task of the strike organizers by spontaneously closing down for the day and either allowing their employees to make up the time lost on the following Saturday or in some cases even considering the strike day as paid vacation. Paid or unpaid, for most workers the strike was just another holiday, and the current generation of French bourgeois, whose fathers had been reared in the dread of *le grand soir* preached by pre-1914 revolutionary syndicalists, seemed to take it in much the same spirit.

The *reductio ad absurdum* of the Sorelian myth of the general strike was probably supplied by the great Popular Front parade in Paris from the Place de la Bastille to the Place de la République. Organized mainly by the Communists, but with at least the logistic co-operation of the Ministry of the Interior, the demonstration, which mobilized some hundred thousand or more Parisian workers was marked by only one violent incident. As the parade was breaking up, a small group of pro-Chinese extremists provoked their class comrades by singing the *Internationale* and giving them the clenched-fist salute. While the Paris police looked on benevolently, the Confédération Générale du Travail's security service dealt professionally with the troublemakers, and proletarian order was quickly restored at the cost of a few black eyes and bloody noses. Then the marchers piled into the familiar black vans of the national riot police which the authorities had put at their disposition in lieu of the strike-bound city busses, and rode back in comfort to their homes in Paris's Red Ring of suburbs.

The Divided Opposition

Perhaps the government had hoped for a little more revolutionary spirit from the organizers of the Paris demonstration, and of the smaller ones that took place throughout the provinces, in order to frighten the non-Communist elements in the opposition. If so, the Communist leadership failed to oblige, preferring, apparently, to stress the party's respectability rather than its power or its dynamism. (Waldeck Rochet, the Communist boss in France, arrived at the Bastille for the Paris demonstration in a chauffeur-driven black Citroën DS 19, the kind of car usually assigned to cabinet ministers and the senior executives of prosperous French firms.) In the National Assembly, on the other hand, the Communists, as expected by de Gaulle's political advisors, bullied their allies of the Federation into signing a joint motion of censure, thus making the Radicals in the Federation, and several of its Socialist members, acutely unhappy.

Former Premier Pierre Mendès-France, one of the Federation's parliamentary stars, refused to sign the motion, though he ultimately voted for it, and his much-remarked speech during the debate in the Assembly, while sharply critical of the government's political methods, sounded curiously sympathetic to its economic goals. Finance Minister Michel Debré in a rebuttal that likewise lifted a number of eyebrows on both sides of the house, put unexpected stress on the numerous points of agreement between his projected policies and those advocated by his distinguished critic.

All in all, the Gaullists feel that the debate on the motion of censure widened an already noticeable doctrinal gap between Mendès-France and the other leaders of the Left, sharpened personal antagonisms between Mitterand and the Socialist chief Guy Mollet, and increased the

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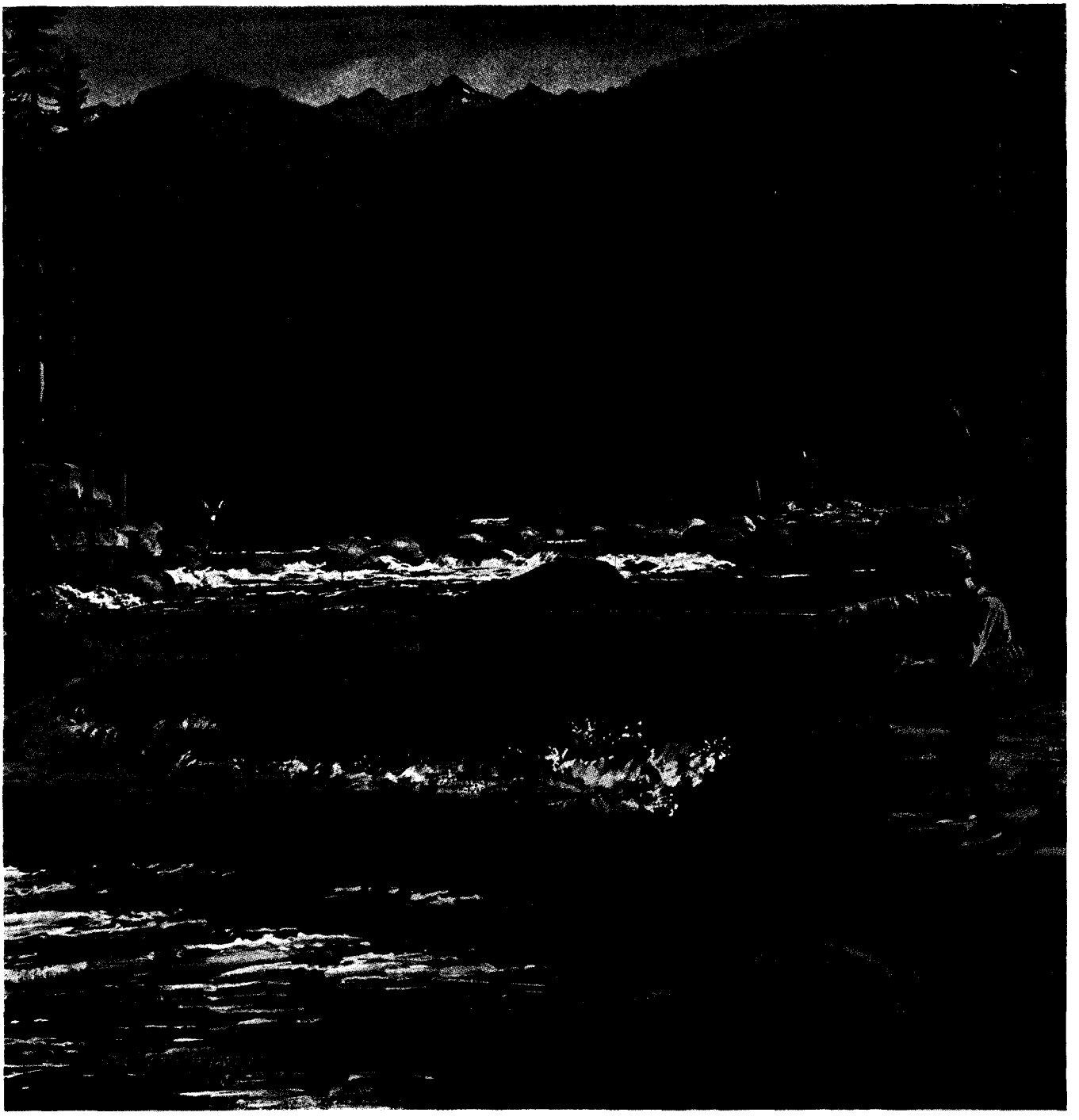

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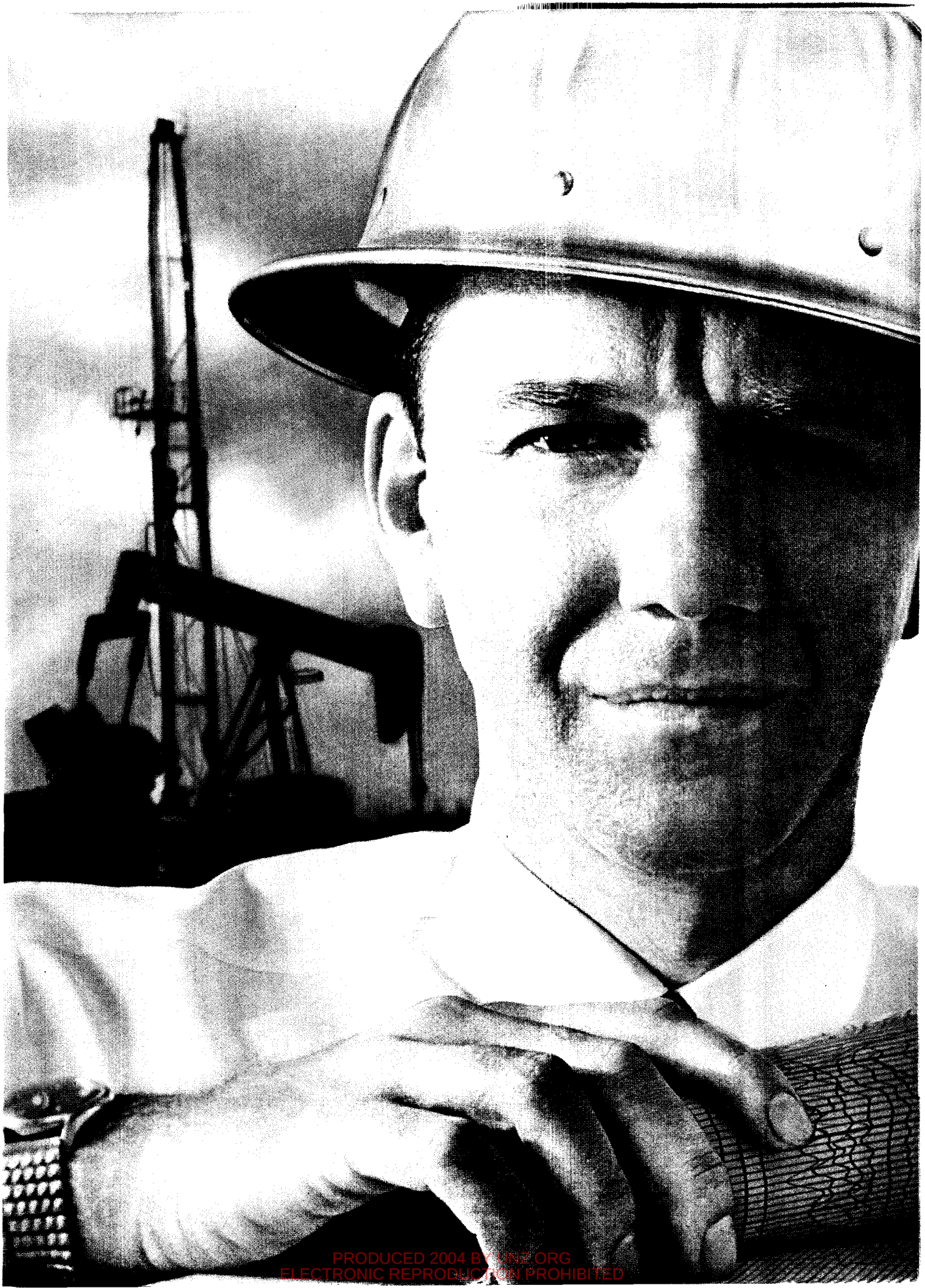

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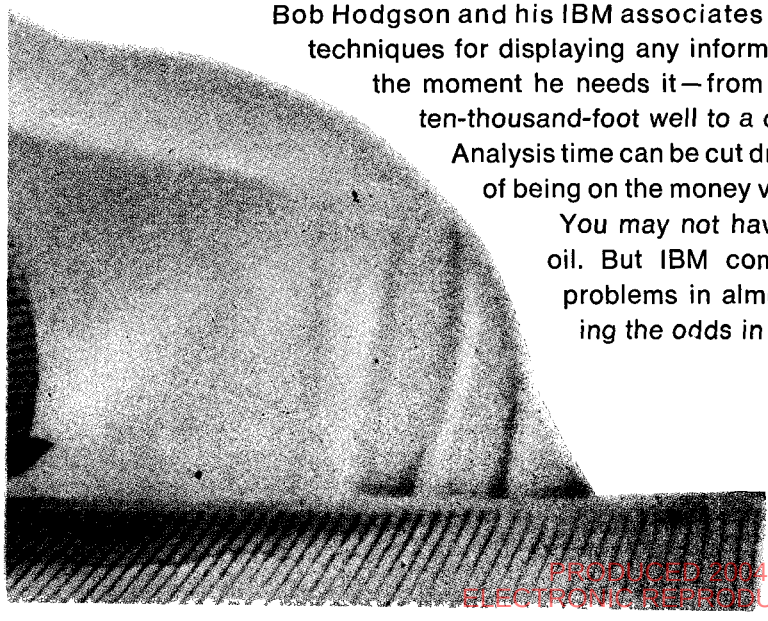

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suspicions that all the opposition moderates harbor with respect to the Communists.

The crisis in the Middle East has dramatically increased the strains within the opposition. An editorial in the Communist *l'Humanité* on May 24 followed not only the Soviet but also the Arab propaganda line so abjectly that Guy Mollet publicly denounced it as "incredible." The chorus of indignation from the non-Communist Left caused *l'Humanité* to soften its language slightly in the following days but, in servile obedience to Moscow, it continued to support the Arab position generally while both the main non-Communist labor organization, Force Ouvrière and the Catholic Confédération Française Démocratique du Travail, issued pro-Israeli statements. So did a number of individual leftists or centrist politicians and intellectuals, including Jean-Paul Sartre. Mendès-France and *Le Monde* both criticized the Arab leaders explicitly and their Soviet backers implicitly. Finally, even Mitterand was obliged in a speech at Rennes to approve the Israeli demand, for free access to the Gulf of Aqaba, which *l'Humanité* still claims the Arabs have the right to blockade.

The fact that the Communists have recently been intensifying their attacks on the Common Market, while General de Gaulle emerged in his press conference as such an ardent supporter of the Brussels institution that he dreads the diluting effect of Britain's participation in it, helps aggravate the internal strains in the opposition coalition, it is felt. Some opposition analysts agree with this Gaullist diagnosis as far it goes, but note the same symptoms of disunity within the majority and look forward to a complete political reshuffle in France, with the dissidents from the Center and Center-Left opposition combining with temporarily cowed supporters of former finance minister Valéry Giscard d'Estaing—who is still in, but no longer of, the Gaullist camp—to form a completely new centrist majority.

Such a development is theoretically possible at some time within the next five years, but no more so than several quite different political regroupings that are conceivable, ranging from an enlargement of the present majority toward the Center to a kind of tacit alliance between the Gaullists and the Communists. For the time being General de Gaulle holds the high ground and has almost unlimited freedom to maneuver; from his viewpoint, this situation is no doubt the most significant and welcome aspect of his recent victory over the opposition. (He is not even committed to support Pompidou indefinitely; the general was careful to point out that the demand for special powers was the Premier's own idea.)

The long-term weakness of the general's position is that this victory —like several earlier ones—was won by superior tactical skill in dividing his adversaries, or potential adversaries, rather than by presenting and applying a positive program. Both de Gaulle's press conference and the speeches by Pompidou and Debré in the National Assembly made it plain that the government is at present working on—but has not yet completed—a series of far-reaching and basic solutions to the country's economic problems that might catalyze a national following.

Some of the policies that the government will use its freshly-granted powers to carry out during the next few months will undoubtedly break new ground. One of them will be a law rendering obligatory some form of that association between labor management that the Gaullists have been talking about since the general's Bayeux speech in 1946. Judging from the rather vague explanations furnished by Premier Pompidou during the Assembly debate, the idea of cogestion, or joint administration by management and labor, that seemed implicit in the original Gaullist concept has evaporated. The current emphasis is on obliging employers to set aside some portion of the profits from expansion toward a pension or savings fund for their workers, to be jointly adminstered or supervised with their union representatives. While the government unquestionably means business this time about arranging some sort of worker-management association distantly inspired by the Bayeux speech, its most ambitious economic and social programs seem more likely to concern job protection, international monetary reform, and fiscal modernization.

If Pompidou and Debré manage to come up before their decree powers expire next October with a series of measures that fit together into a coherent social-economic program, and if this program is adequate without being excessive, original without being gratuitously "revolutionary," Gaullism will at last have found the contemporary ideological basis—as distinguished from blind loyalty to its leader and a kind of visceral nationalism—that it has been groping for since 1958, indeed since 1946.

The National Assembly may or may not endorse the program; a number of Gaullists, whether on the right or the left wings of the movement, may reject it themselves. But de Gaulle and the Premier —Pompidou or his eventual successor—will have something to take to the country, over the deputies' heads if necessary, besides the now slightly shopworn appeal that the only alternative to granting them unconditional confidence at all times is chaos. And they will be able to win their future political battles without having to rely so much on the ultimately self-defeating arts of division.

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Indonesia After Sukarno

DENIS WARNER

DJAKARTA

ONE WEEKEND in mid-May a party led by Adam Malik, the Indonesian foreign minister, left Djakarta by sea for a visit to the wildlife preserves in West Java. It was Malik's first break from his duties since he took over the Foreign Ministry, and his intention was to combine a certain amount of business with a good deal of pleasure. Marshall Green, the U.S. ambassador, and General Charles A. Lindbergh, now a consultant to Pan American Airways, went along, the latter to examine the tourist possibilities and the prospects for the conservation of the preserves. There were friends and officials from the Foreign Ministry and from other government departments. Malik had his sons with him, and until the last minute, when it was discovered that the shipboard accommodation was inadequate, wives were to have been included in the party, too.

"Things have reached a pretty pass when a correspondent has to climb a volcano in order to talk to a foreign minister," I complained to the nimble and good-humored Malik after we had returned one day from an exhausting climb to Krakatoa's fuming crater.

Two years ago, even a year ago, such a wholly enjoyable expedition would have been unthinkable; today it reflects the new mood. The Chinese districts aside, Djakarta has an air of relaxation that it has never had in the past. The wall scribblings and the murals exhorting the people to crush Malaysia, or to hang this man or that, have all gone. Men are no longer afraid to talk, to criticize. Maybe it is an illusion, but even the streets seem cleaner and the potholes less numerous. President Sukarno passed from Merdeka Palace and Djakarta with a six-line press announcement denying him all his titles and assigning for his temporary use the former summer palace at Bogor in the foothills thirty miles from the city. "We sentenced his lieutenants to death," said one of the men responsible for his overthrow. (They are likely to have their sentences commuted to life imprisonment.) "For the man himself we have reserved a more subtle and humiliating fate: we have chosen to ignore him." Sukarno thrived on adulation, on his oratory, his slogans, and his stature as the Great Leader of the Revolution. To ignore him now is the unkindest and most effective cut of all.

It was an exemplary exercise on the part of General Suharto to remove him by constitutional process and without the upheavals that so many Indonesians had predicted and feared. There is sullen hostility in East Java, where Sukarno's picture still hangs officially together with that of Suharto, and neither Bali nor Central Java has yet been "retooled"; but Sukarno's going has not imperiled Indonesian unity, his only significant achievement.

The Dregs of Sukarnoism

If the eradication of Sukarno by slow and patient erosion was relatively easy, the process of recuperating from Sukarnoism will be at best long and difficult. The poison had spread into all parts of the community and remains as a legacy that could eventually discredit the New Order, or lead to authoritarian and highly undersirable changes.

The contrast between Sukarno and Suharto could scarcely be more sharply defined. The bold and extroverted Sukarno dipped his fingers into the public till and distributed patronage to his cronies. The modest, self-effacing, and introverted Suharto seems incorruptible. Yet to the dismay of the idealistic action fronts and many others, he countenances among his associates and advisers opportunists and grafters who are no better than those who surrounded Sukarno. The Navy and the Army are up to their ears in smuggling. "Suharto has inherited some of the worst characteristics of the Sukarno régime," said the leader of one of the student fronts. "Like Sukarno, he wants to govern by balancing one force against another. There are tremendous differences in motive, of course, but these are not readily apparent to those who see only what is happening and cannot know the reasons."

Every region has its own story of military corruption. In Menado in the northern Celebes, for example, where copra production averages about ten to twelve thousand tons a month, the Army runs a racket worth half a billion rupiahs ($5 million) a year. It has organized a co-operative, which pays the farmers 3,500 rupiahs a ton and sells to the exporters at 8,000 rupiahs a ton. The farmers have no choice. They deal with the co-operative or with no one. In

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principle, the co-operative provides fringe benefits, such as food and clothing at reduced prices. But last year the farmers got only one ration. The combination of corruption and inefficiency inevitably increases costs. The roadstead at Tandjong Priok, the port for Djakarta, is filled as usual with inter-island freighters waiting week after week to discharge their cargoes and to reload for the outer islands. Transshipment charges here are $10 a ton. In Singapore the same job is performed far more quickly for seventy-three cents a ton.

THE INCIDENCE of smuggling and corruption notwithstanding, Suharto's greatest achievements have been in the economic field. He accepted the guidelines laid down by the International Monetary Fund and drained the Indonesian universities of their top economists, who have created a degree of economic stability. One of their first steps was the introduction of a bank rate that varied from six to nine per cent a month. Having jammed on the credit brakes, the economists subsequently relaxed and reduced the rate to four to seven per cent a month. Even at more than one hundred per cent a year, however, bank loans were mostly unavailable, and borrowers turned in desperation to private sources, which sometimes charged more than twice that rate.

The effect has been to put many concerns out of business. In most cases, their closure is long overdue. For instance, two textile mills got by very nicely in the Sukarno era by disposing of their quotas of raw cotton on the black market, without producing a single yard of cloth. They will not get the chance again.

The cost of living has come down with the credit squeeze. During 1966 it went up an almost incredible one thousand per cent. In January, 1967, it rose by nine per cent, in February by nineteen per cent (this was largely due to the seasonal rice shortage and to an increase in the price of cooking oil). In March, it rose by an unprecedentedly low four per cent, and in April the increase was even smaller.

Committed for the first time in Indonesian history to a balanced budget, the government is making a determined effort to slash official spending, a primary cause of inflation. It eliminated Sukarno's annual special budget, which always sent the printing presses spinning, and has stopped development expenditure. Yet at the same time, it has also managed to give some economic significance to wages and salaries paid to civil servants. It doubled wages in January and granted a further fifty per cent increase in April, together with additions to the rice ration. Though it has yet to face up squarely to the problem of dismissing tens of thousands of incompetent and do-nothing bureaucrats, it has taken the first step by telling many that, while their pay checks and raises will continue for the time being, in their own interest they should stay away from work and look for other means of permanent, full-time employment.

Vacuum in the Middle

The squeeze has hurt, but, since this was the intention, the government, under continuing pressure from the IMF and its advisers, appears intent on holding the line. "There is still plenty of deadwood to be cut out of this economy," said a young western-trained economist. "We are going to cut it out." One payoff has come already with the agreement on the part of Indonesia's western creditors to reschedule its debts and to provide further credits. Though Indonesia may not get the full $200 million which the IMF has indicated as its minimum need in foreign aid during the current financial year, a United States offer to meet a third (provided the other creditors meet the other two-thirds) has ensured that the gap will not be significant.

When it comes to providing the stimulus for economic development, however, foreign exchange is likely to be more readily available than the equally necessary indigenous technical and managerial skills. Below the level of the tiny group of forward-looking advisers who are running the economy, there is a chronic dearth of management. No group could be more overburdened. At a time when it was coping with the visit of the IMF team, it was also responsible for the French aid negotiations, for dealings with private creditors clamoring to be paid, and for the full-time task of standing watchdog over the sensitive stabilization program. "Too much is falling on their shoulders," said an American official who works closely with the group. "They are too thinly spread to stay on top of all the problems. This is a built-in weakness in government here. No one has ever delegated authority. Most bu-

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reaucrats won't take responsibility. Ministers are expected to decide things that junior officials might cope with elsewhere."

In theory, exports will eventually increase and foreign-exchange reserves will build up to the point where the repayment of debts will not be an intolerable burden. But rubber plantations, once a major source of revenue, have fallen into ruin and the world market price is at its lowest point in years. The rehabilitation of the tin-mining industry has been slow and discouraging. Increased oil production in Sumatra will result in additional royalties, but long-range prospects are clouded by corruption in the national oil company, Permina.

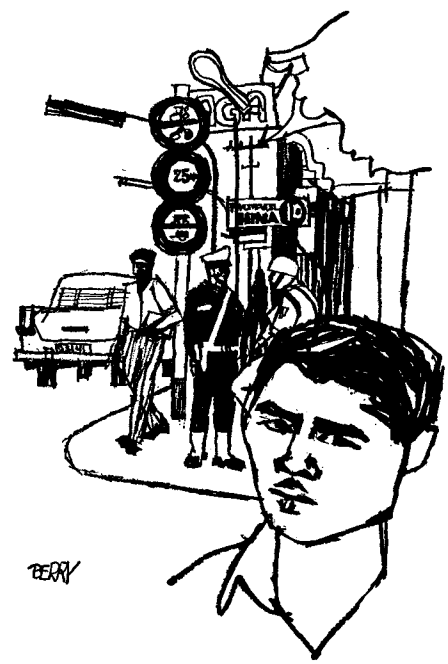
All in all, the prospect that rapid growth will follow the present period of tight money and stabilization is remote and the government knows it. Instead of reaching for the sky, its five-year development plan aims primarily to provide enough food and clothing for the people at cheap prices.

"House full" signs at the Hotel Indonesia, which provides the only acceptable hotel accommodation in Djakarta, is one sign that the government's efforts to attract private foreign capital are exciting interest. Yet, to some extent, both the inhibitions and the apprehensions of the past remain. The tin-mining industry is crying out for the skilled management that the Dutch once provided. But for nationalistic reasons, the Indonesians are reluctant to turn again to the outside for help. Potential investors are far from being satisfied that the New Order has succeeded in creating a climate in which they can operate and invest with confidence.

The Cost of Racialism

The vigorous action against the Chinese that culminated in the riots in Djakarta in April has been especially discouraging. The fact that the anti-Chinese demonstrations did not get entirely out of control and ruin the economy was due once again to the wisdom of Adam Malik, who, though he lacks a political power base, has been indispensable as a moderating force in times of trouble and a dynamic influence on the New Order.

The Chinese population is divided into three groups. Slightly more than a million have adopted Indonesian citizenship, and often Indonesian names. About a quarter of a million are citizens of Communist China. The third group of nearly 1.5 million is stateless. By agreement with the Peking government, the categories are frozen and neither a stateless Chinese nor a Chinese with mainland Chinese citizenship can become an Indonesian citizen. These three groups, together numbering only slightly



more than two per cent of the population, control no less than twenty per cent and perhaps as much as fifty per cent of the rupiahs in circulation. This in itself is an obvious cause for jealousy and racial distrust. Far worse, however, in the eyes of the anti-Communist military leaders, are the links many Chinese maintain with Peking's embassy in Djakarta.

Uncounted thousands of Chinese perished in the anti-Communist massacre late in 1965 and early in 1966. This exacerbated the tensions between the two races and did nothing toward solving the Chinese "problem." The military commanders decided to take matters into their own hands. and at a seminar in Bandung last August they agreed to eliminate Chinese economic predominance.

The first to feel the effects of the military decision were the Chinese inhabitants of Atjeh, a strongly conservative Muslim area in northern Sumatra. Without warning, the local commander herded the Chinese community into trucks and drove them to Medan to await deportation to China. Here, deprived of their money and possessions, they lived in squalor, dependent on the good will and courage of the Medan Chinese community to keep them provided with food and water.

At the very end of 1966, the focus of the struggle switched to East Java. Reviving an earlier and long abandoned Sukarno proclamation, General Sumitro, the East Java commander, issued an order on December 31 prohibiting Chinese nationals and stateless persons from the wholesale and intermediary trade. He also slapped a poll tax on both categories and prohibited them from changing their place of residence and from using the Chinese language in economic and financial activities and in telecommunications.

Predictably, the order hurt many Indonesian farmers and fishermen as much as it hurt the Chinese. In one village, the maize crop wasted. In another, fishermen returning with their catches found no buyers. On both sides ill will built up. Although measures adopted against the Chinese varied from town to town, what happened in Situbondo in East Java on and after April 6, when the Chinese there were ordered to hand over the keys of their shops, is fairly typical. The merchants refused to comply with the order and held a protest meeting that soon turned into a riot in which one Chinese was killed and several were wounded. Next day, while the Chinese defended themselves with broken bottles, youth groups wrecked their shops.

Inevitably, the troubles spread to other parts of Indonesia, to Borneo, where scores of thousands of Chinese were rounded up to await deportation, and to Djakarta.

On April 8 Ning Hsiang-yu, a member of the council of the General Association of Overseas Chinese Organizations in Djakarta, a citizen of China and a suspected Communist agent, was arrested by the police; five days later he died. The authori-

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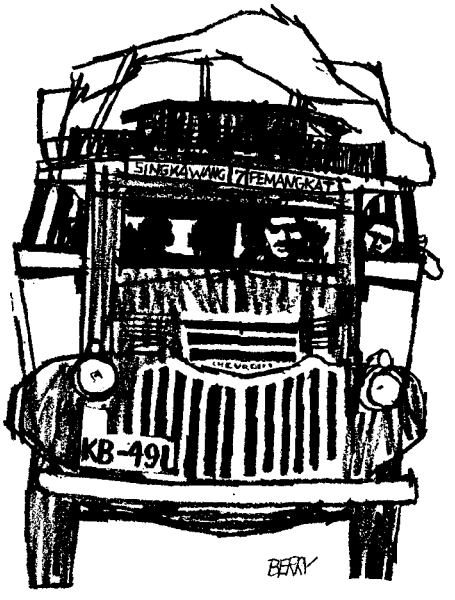
ties said he struck his head against the wall of his cell and finally killed himself with boiling water, a story that his family, who were given the body for burial, declined to accept.

The funeral procession on April 20 was big, Communist, and provocative. It invited attack and its invitation was accepted. "The Chinese, armed with the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung, recited quotations from Chairman Mao amid shots which whistled past them and shouted slogans as they advanced valiantly," said the revealing, and official, Peking account. Two days later more than two thousand Indonesian youths under the direction of IPKI, a small political party with Army affiliations, descended on the Chinese quarter with knives, clubs, and iron bars and attacked every Chinese they could find. It was bloody and brutal, but it also brought out the moderates headed by Malik to halt the holocaust. Malik and others are working on plans to bypass the agreement with Peking and to grant citizenship to qualified and accepted stateless Chinese and even to reach some agreement with Taiwan (which is not recognized by Djakarta) to allow others to go there. Largely due to the influence of Malik and General Dharsono, the Siliwangi Division commander in Bandung, the riots did not spread to other parts of West Java and the student action fronts kept out of the mess.

Politics in Abeyance

Thereafter, common sense prevailed. General Sumitro has been replaced as commander in East Java, and the arguments of Malik and others that the Chinese problem must be settled slowly and primarily by creating an indigenous merchant community is at least being listened to. The situation nevertheless remains potentially explosive. On the one hand, otherwise liberal-minded Indonesians are sometimes almost fanatically anti-Chinese; on the other, loyal Indonesians of Chinese extraction believe that Peking regards all Chinese in Indonesia as expendable and that its policy is to provoke a massacre that will discredit Indonesia's international standing and wreck its chances of economic recovery. "This is the most sadistic, the most inhuman of plans," a prominent Chinese-Indonesian told me.

Indonesian reaction to the Chinese problem is symptomatic of the country's continuing political immaturity. Sukarno's "Guided Democracy" was a substitute for politics; so far nothing has yet developed, or been allowed to develop, to take its place. The fear among many non-military men is that the Army, given the slightest encouragement, will take over completely. Though Suharto is determined not to become a military dictator, and no one is in sight who could conceivably play a Nasser to his Naguib, the fears are not without justification. Preoccupied with economic matters, in which he follows the advice of his civilian team, Suharto has proved extraordinarily reluctant to encourage any political development. This has served not only to deprive his natural allies of the means of political expression, but to further the expansion of military control, the "creeping militarization" of which the action fronts of university students and others complain.



One major field for military expansion has been in foreign affairs. Soldiers now fill twenty of Indonesia's thirty-six ambassadorial posts, including all of the ones in Southeast Asia. Though there are some exceptions, the Army is not especially noted either for its delicacy or its diplomacy. Against native unrest in West Irian, its reaction was to start shooting, and the resumption of diplomatic relations with Malaysia appears to have been postponed almost indefinitely because of some lingering Army expectations that at least in Communist-infiltrated Sarawak, Malaysia will succeed in crushing itself.

Since the military enjoyed a special position under Sukarno and fell out with him only because of his attitude toward the Communists, much of the militarization of non-military functions is not new. Under Sukarno, thirty-eight per cent of the top cabinet and subministerial posts were in the hands of the military: the figure has increased only to forty-three per cent. Nevertheless, responsible civilians continue to express their fears. As one put it to me, "There are military men here who would grab the chance to take over everything."

DEADLOCKED by military demands for twenty-five per cent of the seats in the future People's Consultative Council and the politicians' view that the proportion should not exceed five per cent, Parliament went into recess in April without reaching any decision on three important electoral bills. No doubt some sort of compromise will be reached. But what is lacking now is not so much the willingness to compromise but the political momentum that ousted Sukarno and helped to create a genuine New Order. Privately, the Army wants elections, promised for 1968, put off to 1970. With new parties yet to be formed to oppose the leftovers from the Sukarno era, there are obvious advantages in this for Malik and the followers of former Vice President Mohammed Hatta, who are working on political plans of their own. But unless Suharto lifts the political lid to permit Hatta to create his Democratic Islamic Party of Indonesia in opposition to the discredited Nahdatul Ulama (Muslim Scholars) and Malik to form a secular front that will steal the thunder from the equally discredited and Communist-infiltrated PNI (Nationalist Party), it is quite possible that in the next year or two the military will creep beyond the point of no return.

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How to Become A Target City

ROBERT H. GILES

CLEVELAND

BAD WEATHER over most of the eastern United States on May 9 disappointed thousands of professional and amateur astronomers who had hoped to observe a partial eclipse of the sun. This city, the nation's eighth largest, spent the day warily watching the streets and was relieved when it passed without incident. For the eclipse was to have signaled an eruption of violence threatened by local black nationalists. Nothing happened on May 9, but Cleveland's relief was short-lived: a week later the Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr., announced that the city, whose 300,000 Negroes represent thirty-five per cent of its population, is one of four that he has designated as a target for Negro action this summer.

Cleveland's nervousness reflects not only the memory of the riots last July, which cost four lives and half a million dollars in damage; it also stems from a growing recognition that too little has been done to improve conditions in the Hough District slums: they are at least as bad today as they were before the riots. The situation in Hough, which is home for 50,000 Negroes, is grimly described in a special report of the Cleveland subcommittee of the Ohio State Advisory Committee to the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights, released on March 1. It said:

"Now almost a year after the riot, the Hough area still bears the scars of battle. Store fronts are boarded up. Unoccupied houses have been vandalized. Stench rises from the debris-filled basements of burned-out buildings. Litter fills street curbings. Garbage and trash are scattered in yards and vacant lots. Recent surveys indicate that in some census tracts as much as eighty per cent of the 16-21 age group is unemployed or school dropouts and that twenty-five per cent of the mid-year high school graduates seeking work are unable to find jobs. . . . Neither the governor nor the General Assembly has yet acted to increase welfare payments from the current seventy-eight per cent to a full one hundred per cent of the state-established minimum standard for health and decency. There are still newspaper headlines about children burned to death in houses never inspected for code violations, or bitten by rats in their beds. The policeman, if you can find one, still shows little interest in vacant houses being stripped of equipment during daylight hours, or the prostitutes on parade, or the accosting of resident mothers and daughters walking home. What about the talk from downtown about new playfields, new houses, rebuilt houses? Same old promises."

The report conceded that it is "equally correct" that, as civic leaders say, "not in many years have there been so many Clevelanders working so actively on community affairs, mainly focused on the problems of the Inner City and Hough." But while both views may be correct, their significance is far from equal. Racial conflicts are so deep and so massive here that without a profound commitment from all levels of government, no amount of local volunteer efforts can be more than superficial. It is this vast difference between what is being done and what is not that has Cleveland on edge.

The Urban Renewal Fiasco

The failure of Democratic Mayor Ralph Locher's administration to deal imaginatively and effectively with the needs of the slums was underscored on May 1 when it filed an incomplete application for a Federal model cities grant. Missing was the vital section setting forth in detail Cleveland's plan for Western Hough, its target neighborhood, as well as a City Council resolution approving the application. The city's choice of the area was announced only three days before the May 1 deadline, and the council received the measure from the mayor too late to act. The missing parts were filed nine days late. "Cleveland does not stand a chance of getting a grant," a top spokesman for the Department of Housing and Urban Development (HUD) commented afterward.

Negro leaders said they had not been consulted about the plans for Hough. "We are always trying to get the mayor to spell out what he plans to do for the Negro community," complained the Reverend Jonathan Ealy, head of the United Pastors Association, a group born out of the July riots. "We have offered to help him sell his program. We asked him to put it down on paper. We are still waiting." The model cities episode further undermined Negro confidence in city hall, long weakened by the notorious failure of urban renewal in Cleveland.

Cleveland has 6,060 acres under urban renewal, far more than any other city; its program area is nearly twice the size of the next largest, Philadelphia's. But during the past decade, fewer than two thousand units have been built in renewal areas to replace 4,255 units that were demolished. Most of the displaced families are Negroes who have crowded into Hough or other inner-city slums. In 1962, Hough residents were told that they were going to get "the biggest and most comprehensive neighborhood renewal project in Cleveland history." Five and a half years later only six hundred of 4,042 dwelling units to be rehabilitated under a $16-million Federal grant have been completed. The most obvious evidence that

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there is a renewal program in Hough is encountered on an occasional dusty lot set off with red-and-white signs that warn: "No Parking—City Property."

The start of this renewal project marked the end of Cleveland's already limited enforcement of building codes in Hough. City officials said that active code enforcement improving existing housing would raise the prices the city would have to pay when it purchased the properties for urban renewal. Landlords, who invested little in upkeep, have spent even less since 1962.

Reacting to these conditions, lending institutions spurned Hough, fire-insurance companies canceled protection, and landlords abandoned slum homes to vandals. Consultants hired by the city in 1964 to speed up the renewal program reported: "The present community attitudes of frustration, apathy, and hostility toward urban renewal exist because the local community has not seen significant progress in the neighborhood. Only concrete signs of progress will change these attitudes."

ALARMED by the lack of accomplishment, the Department of Housing and Urban Devlopment began a review of Cleveland's programs last spring. It found them chaotic and handed Cleveland a sixteen-point program to carry out. By January, 1967, however, the city had made so little headway that HUD Secretary Robert C. Weaver cut off Federal funds from some existing renewal programs and said that no new projects would be considered by his office until "Cleveland has clearly demonstrated a capacity to meet existing urban renewal commitments." Since then, a spokesman for Weaver said recently, "Cleveland has examined its program and is taking steps to comply. We'll consider any reasonable proposals that Cleveland makes, but so far they are slow in coming."

A citizens' group issued a "Plan of Action for Tomorrow's Housing" (PATH) early this year following a six-month study. The PATH report concluded: "Through its slowness of operation, its mismanagement, and its lack of direction, Cleveland urban renewal has added to the displacement of people with no place to go. . . . Sixty per cent of the families displaced by Cleveland's projects have relocated with no help from the city, and Cleveland has no record of where and how they were housed." The result, according to PATH, is that "Cleveland is one of the most racially segregated communities in the nation in housing."

Nor has public housing helped to ease the pressure for better living conditions for slum residents. There are more than 25,000 families in Cleveland eligible for public housing, but only 7,478 units exist and only 2,500 additional ones are planned by the Cleveland Metropolitan Housing Authority.

Still, the PATH study found that "The Federal government also bears a responsibility for the failure of urban renewal in Cleveland. For a number of reasons, some historic, some political, the Federal government did not insist on compliance with its recommendations and watched the Cleveland urban renewal program degenerate to its present sad state." In the early days of urban renewal when Anthony J. Celebrezze, later secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, was mayor, Cleveland's planners had close ties with officials in Washington and were able to get direct action on project proposals without going through the regional office in Chicago. As a result, few renewal technicians from the regional office were called on to advise Cleveland, and the city's burgeoning programs went largely unsupervised.

Where the Buck Stops

The man the Negroes blame most often for the city's record is Mayor Locher, a fifty-one-year-old Romanian-born lawyer whose strength is among the city's large concentrations of Eastern European and Italian stock. These people fear the expansion of the Negro slums into their tight communities. In 1965, in a four-way race, Democrat Locher was nearly defeated by a Negro running as an independent. This is election year, and Negro leaders believe that the mayor is not likely to do much for the slums now because it might weaken the nationality support he needs to win the Democratic primary in October. Some white Clevelanders, too, feel that lack of effective action by Locher is to blame for the things that are being said and written about their city. They resent this and their reaction is in part responsible for recent efforts to discourage Locher from seeking re-election. Locher, however, has given no hint that he would consider stepping aside.

The week after the 1966 riot, the mayor named Ralph M. Besse, the widely respected president of the Cleveland Electric Illuminating Company, to head a new Inner-City Action Committee to "assist the city administration in developing and co-operatively implementing the most appropriate methods of meeting the present crisis."

For six months the committee worked quietly. Then, on January 31, Besse called a press conference and dropped a bombshell. He said that it had "become perfectly clear that the city administration will not accept meaningful assistance and coordination" from his committee and announced that it would thenceforth operate as an independent body. Besse said his committee had experienced six months of frustration, with most of its recommendations, such as integration of police patrols in Hough, meeting silence or rejection. The last straw, he said, was Locher's refusal to accept the committee's offer of a twenty-five-man task force to take over the city's urban-renewal program.

Locher immediately called a press conference of his own. "His face was red and his voice seemed to crack a couple of times," a *Plain Dealer* reporter wrote. Said the mayor: "I have not seen one real constructive action taken by this committee. . . . They demanded that I fire one of my directors and appoint their man in his place. This is ridiculous. I'll have no part of anything like this. Now, when they find the going rough and can't have anything their own way, they quit."

With the committee estranged from city hall, its influence is bound to be limited. But Besse says it is continuing to work with existing organizations in such areas as nonprofit housing, family planning, playground construction, and the search for jobs. Locher now refers questions about Cleveland's racial

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troubles to Bertram Gardner, his Director of Community Relations, whose major public effort so far was to sponsor a day on which fifteen hundred Negro and white families exchanged visits in their homes.

The main area in which Locher has demanded action in Hough is police protection—a development that is being watched with interest by Negro leaders, who claim that the police in Hough are cast in the role of an occupation army. An outside professional report prepared for the city by a former Seattle police chief described the department as "defensive, isolated, parochial and mistrustful of the public it serves." After the riots, the police established a new Police Community Relations Division and opened nine new police athletic centers in the slums —though three of the nine already have been closed because of the expiration of a Federal poverty grant in March. Cleveland is still without a Negro policeman above the rank of sergeant, and the number of Negro policemen has not increased ignificantly. Squad cars and other sectors of police operations have not been integrated.

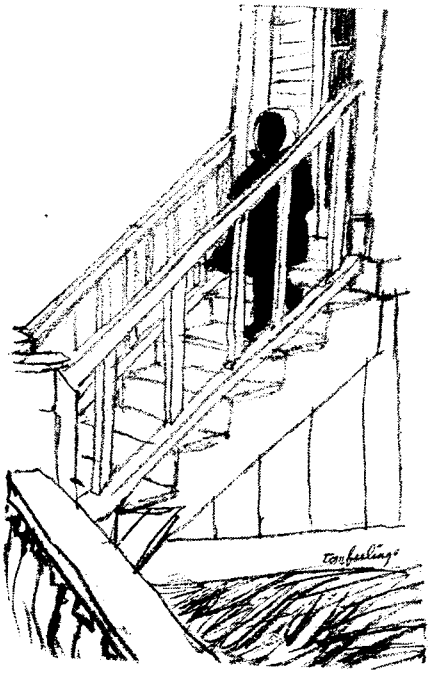
Most of the police problem in the slums is pure hooliganism by a few Negro street gangs, deplored by Negroes as much as by others. But Martin Luther King, in a visit to the city in April, said that stiffer policing of Hough was not the answer. "A get-tough policy against poverty . . . would do much more to end the problem," he observed. Though Locher called King an extremist and made no effort to talk to him, King spent a full day trying to keep the lid on Locher's city. "Our power does not lie in Molotov cocktails," he told seven thousand Negro students in a series of appearances at schools in the East Side, "We must make full and constructive use of the freedom we have. We have to study hard. We have to stay in school."

The fact that King spoke at public schools with the sanction of the board of education underscores one bright spot in the relations between public officials and Hough. Superintendent of Schools Paul Briggs has kept communications open with the Negro community and made improvements where he could. Last fall, Cleveland voters approved a $56-million bond issue for school construction and a school-tax rise to help bring standards in the city a little closer to those in the suburbs. Recently the school board appointed the first Negro to serve as an assistant superintendent of schools, several Negroes as city-wide supervisors, and the first Negro principal of a school in the white West Side. In addition, Negro teachers are increasingly being assigned to West Side schools. However, the school system has not yet acted on any of the Cleveland Civil Rights Subcommittee's suggested techniques for overcoming racial imbalance.

HOPE and Charity

The immobility of the city administration is offset to a degree, as the Civil Rights Subcommittee noted, by a variety of private initiatives. Signs of self-help are found in groups like HOPE, which is backed by the Greater Cleveland Council of Churches and is concentrating on housing rehabilitation. HOPE was the nation's first recipient of Federal rent supplements, receiving $12,000 to help tenants occupy twenty-one apartments in two recently restored buildings.

"Nobody in Cleveland was doing anything in rehab, so we decided to try," one of HOPE's organizers, the Reverend Walter Grevatt of the Hough Avenue United Church of Christ, told me. "We bought one house on Hough Avenue. It was vacant and quite vandalized. Now it is a comfortable residence for a family of nine. We financed this with a conventional loan."



Under a $126,950 grant from the Office of Economic Opportunity, HOPE will hire a director of housing, a director of human relations, a business manager, and a construction supervisor to run its program in a small area of Western Hough. "You can't rehabilitate houses without other services, such as keeping in touch with the residents and helping them with their problems," Grevatt said. HOPE now has options on ninety per cent of the property in a two-block area and a promise from three wood-products associations of $150,000 in preliminary funds necessary to secure eventual full Federal financing.

Another agency, the Cleveland Development Foundation, is supported by the business and industrial community. It plans to renovate nine apartment buildings in Hough at a cost of $1 million. Warner & Swasey, a large machine-tool firm located on the edge of Hough, is using its own money to buy and rehabilitate an apartment building. Two local unions, the Meat Cutters and the Building Service and Maintenance Workers, are planning a low-income apartment development. Cleveland's Legal Aid Society has a $57,860 OEO grant to help settle landlord-tenant disputes in Hough. The Cleveland Junior Chamber of Commerce, with city backing, is preparing a $225,000 fund drive aimed at providing fifteen playgrounds in the inner city by 1968.

NEGRO leadership is as divided in Hough as it is nationally. The Urban League, the NAACP, and the new United Pastors Association tend to stress moderation; CORE is beset with internal problems and ineffective at the moment; and a small group of black-power advocates want to raise hell no matter what. Ten of Cleveland's thirty-three councilmen are Negroes, but none of them has emerged as a leader of the Negro slums. The Negro politician with the most widely respected credentials is Democratic State Representative Carl Stokes, who came within 2,143

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votes of upsetting Mayor Locher in 1965 and is thinking about trying again this year. Perhaps the outstanding example of indigenous leadership is Lewis G. Robinson, a thirty-eight-year-old former city housing inspector, whose slogan is "Black is beautiful, baby." He was named by a Cuyahoga County Grand Jury as a principal personality in the chain of events that preceded the July riots. A short time later, city officials closed and had torn down a youth center founded by Robinson in Hough with the explanation that it was unsafe. Such harassment has helped make Robinson a hero. He is a candidate for the City Council this fall.

Because they have had no success in improving conditions in the slums, the moderate civil-rights leaders are increasingly hard pressed when they try to convince the militant element that violence is not the way to change. "We need some victories," Ealy has said. "We have nothing but failures, and this keeps people from trusting us. The black nationalists don't have many followers; not as many as most people think. But they've been able to get people to listen. They say, 'You've had peace all these years and nothing has been done.' The kids on the street don't adopt their philosophy but they are saying, 'If I have to live like my father lived, then I'll fight or do anything.' If we could only get something constructive going on here, then we'd have something to tell the guy who wants to throw the brick. Our only argument with him is a moral one—right from wrong. And he is saying, 'You haven't gotten me anything yet. Stand out of the way and let me get it myself.' "

The militant group is the most difficult to assess. There are widely divergent views on the militants' role in last July's outbreak and over what they might do this summer. The grand jury, in its special investigation following the riots, concluded that they were "organized, precipitated, and exploited by a relatively small group of trained and disciplined professionals at this business. They were aided and abetted by misguided people of all colors, many of whom are avowed believers in violence and extremism and some of whom also are either members or officers of the Communist Party." Mayor Locher and Cleveland police officials share this view. But Community Relations Director Gardner said the grand-jury accusations were an attempt by the white community to escape responsibility. He said that the rioters "didn't need any Communists to tell them they were suffering." Stokes dismissed the report as a whitewash.

Organized efforts by the Negroes are now expected to focus on Martin Luther King's "Operation Breadbasket," a nonviolent-action program to improve conditions for Cleveland Negroes. King hopes to develop the community's political awareness and strength, organize its buying power, set up tenants' collective-bargaining units, seek open housing, and establish a full-service bank. King, who said he would visit Cleveland at least every other week this summer, emphasized that the program called for negotiations first and demonstrations if everything else failed.

The Melting Pot Boils

Hough's troubles are complicated by the hostility of the ethnic districts that encircle it. Hough takes its name from Hough Avenue, which runs from the heart of the slums east to the edge of another world at University Circle, home of Cleveland's celebrated symphony orchestra, art museum, and two universities. Most of the people who run these institutions and the city's businesses live in attractive suburbs. The backbone of the city itself, however, is a rich mixture of middle-class nationality groups. Just north of Hough is the traditional home of Slovenians and Lithuanians. To the east lies Sowinski Park, a Polish neighborhood, and to the southeast is Murray Hill, where some five thousand Italians live. As recently as 1950, much of Hough was occupied by white families. Then came the familiar pattern of "blockbusting," with unscrupulous real-estate agents going from door to door, planting fear of a Negro "invasion," getting whites to sell at forced-sale prices, and reselling to Negroes at double the value. The residents of the neighborhoods bordering Hough are fearful that the same thing will happen to their areas.

A young Catholic priest who works in Sowinski Park sums up the feelings of the residents this way: "They are very nationalistic, with deep traditions. They were poor once and they made it. I would say these people are anti-Negro. To them he represents the criminal. They were here when the slums were as nice as their neighborhood. They have seen it deteriorate and they blame the Negro. Everything these people have is locked up in the house. If they lose that they lose everything."

Al Alissi, director of Alta Settlement House in Murray Hill, says all outsiders, including Negroes, are unwelcome in Little Italy. "This neighborhood has a reputation left over from Prohibition of being rough and tough. There are some here who would like to keep it that way.... Our main characteristic is isolation. The Catholic Church is in a difficult position here. It is trying to help bridge the gap with the wider community without taking away some of the things that make us unique. The Church speaks out for better relations, but there is no talk of integration." There are rumors of white gangs organizing to fight the Negro gangs if rioting erupts, but Alissi says, "I haven't seen any arms or anybody arming. People are aware of the problems. They are leaning over backwards to prevent something from happening."

The great fear is that some spark, some thoughtless incident by a policeman or a street gang, might set off uncontrollable forces. The Negroes of Hough are the leftover people, with little hope and no place to go. Patching up living conditions or finding jobs for a few people in the past year may have helped somewhat. But nothing very important is being done to change people's lives in Hough. Until it is, outbursts of violence should not surprise anyone.

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GLOSSARY

Dissent, The Right to Sing the Blues

WE HAVE an abundance of rights in this country, and one or the other of them always seems to be in trouble. Some of these rights, of course, such as the "right to work" and the "right to know," are suspect formulations to begin with. The first is merely a misleading slogan. The second has no meaning at all outside extrasensory perception circles. Still, it is regularly invoked by newsmen, who confuse it with an absolute right (the right to try to find out) and a conditional one (the right to be told). The right most recently in the news, that of dissent, differs from these in two respects: it is legitimate and it is real. Indeed, we have had assurances to that effect in the past few weeks from President Johnson, General Westmoreland, Senator Fulbright, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., and Ronald Reagan, to mention but a few. "America will jealously guard this right of dissent," as Governor Reagan put it to a group of foreign students who were abusing him on television.

This outburst of consensus nicely illustrates the purpose that the word "dissent" has come to serve in our language. "Dissent"—or "dissension," which means the same thing but sounds less beneficial—simply means "disagreement." As a name for disagreement, however, it has special advantages. First, it directs attention from the argument itself to the arguer's God-given and constitutionally protected right to make it. Thus, a "dissenter" is not merely arguing or even "dissenting." He is "exercising a right," from which it follows that anyone who answers him is not merely arguing either—he is trying to "stifle dissent." It is not hard to guess who is always going to win in a moral beauty contest with these rules, and the dissenters have been anything but shy about attempting to influence the judges. Just as eternal vigilance is said to be the price of liberty, so a certain amount of false heroics and self-congratulation seem to be the price of dissent. "What bravery is there in saying 'The President is right'?" Richard N. Goodwin inquired not long ago in an article called "The Necessity of Being a Dissenter."

Given the virtue that automatically seems to accrue to dissenters —as distinct from critics, opponents, objectors, and grumps—it is small wonder that the word is enjoying such a vogue, even at the expense of grammar and meaning. Consider Robert F. Kennedy's exaltation of dissent in Berkeley, California, last fall: "We dissent from the fact that millions are trapped in poverty while the nation grows rich. . . . We dissent from the sight of most of mankind living in poverty. . . . We dissent from cities which blunt our senses. . . ." If we are to take the Senator at his word, he is *disputing* the fact that millions are trapped in poverty. What he is doing when he "dissents" from a "sight" or from "cities" is anybody's guess. Probably he means "disapprove of," not "dissent from." The difference is that "disapproval" only conveys displeasure with the conditions he has cited, while "dissent" suggests that there is a majority on record in favor of them, and that it is this opinion which is being challenged—defiantly and from the wilderness.

In his Berkeley speech, Senator Kennedy also said, "it is not enough to allow dissent. We must demand it." This imperative, along with Mr. Goodwin's "necessity," is evidence of a new and possibly final phase in the elevation of the term dissent. Like a burnt-out first-stage rocket, the "right" has now been left behind, so that what we have, hurtling around up there to be venerated for its own sake, is simply dissent, irrespective of its content. Senator Fulbright has summed up this curious point of view. "In a democracy," he has said, "dissent is an act of faith. . . . Criticism, in short, is more than a right; it is an act of patriotism, a higher form of patriotism." What it was higher than was the "rituals of national adulation"—presumably a form of assent.

ASSENT to what? Dissent from what? In most current discussion, "dissent" refers to the views of those who oppose the conduct of the war in Vietnam, but Senator Fulbright's words are highly adaptable. One can see them carved on the lintel of the statehouse in Montgomery, Alabama. They would have brought the house down—especially the part about higher patriotism—at the Republican Convention of 1964. It is one thing to admire everybody's rights in this matter, but quite another to admire what they're saying.

Are such dissenters as Lurleen Wallace and Senator Goldwater to be included in the general benediction? Probably not. It will have been noticed that those most bent upon raising dissent to the status of an absolute virtue usually do so only by way of introducing some remarks of their own. In current usage, then, dissent is first and foremost a way of describing one's own argument—rarely that of an opponent. Recently, in fact, Walter Lippmann suggested that the President take care in exercising something called the "right to answer dissent." We still don't know exactly what dissent encompasses, or how to distinguish the good kind from Brand X. But dissent from dissent apparently does not qualify as dissent. —MEG GREENFIELD

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On Account Of the Schingderassa

FREDERIC V. GRUNFELD

BAD REICHENHALL, BAVARIA

COLUMNS of Bundeswehr infantry tramping down country roads are a common sight hereabouts, and the chances are that if you see them marching you will also hear them singing their own particular brand of choral music—those four-square, optimistic songs known as *Marschlieder* or *Soldatenlieder*. The marching song was once an indispensable feature of the military life in Germany, and since the founding of the Bundeswehr in 1954, musical observers have been watching with interest to see how a "citizens' army" would handle its choral traditions.

As a musical genre the *marschlied* never had much in common with those raggedly improvised antiphons —"Jody rolled the bones when you left; you're *right*"—which are the only marching songs American infantrymen ever heard of. A proper *marschlied* has a beginning, middle and end; it can be counted out by the numbers, is stoutly resistant to syncopation, and depends on choral unanimity for its best effects. Over the years the German infantry has cultivated its marching songs with the same assiduity which other armies devote to rifle practice and the polishing of belt buckles. Generations of *marschlieder* have also exerted more than a casual influence on German concert music; they can be found in Beethoven's symphonies, Brahms' choral works and Wagner's operas; Mahler's symphonies and Alban Berg's *Wozzeck* are unthinkable without them.

Today's marching repertoire has been brought into line with the times, but it is still a mainstay of the military curriculum. After several weeks of intensive listening and observation throughout West Germany, I am in a position to state my considered opinion (as a military-music critic) that when the Bundeswehr was established, NATO acquired its best brass players and most song-conscious footsoldiery. To maintain these standards, every recruit who enters the German army is carefully taught the art of singing while marching with a full field pack.

MANY DRAFTEES already know how to sing from school and such, and these provide the musical backbone of the ensemble, but even those who are shy and try to hum

along with a closed mouth (*bouche fermée* is the musicological term for this) are encouraged by their corporal to "Sing out!," which they then usually do.

Marschlieder training takes place both in classrooms and outdoors in actual practice, when the men march down back roads to the tune of something like:

Regiment sein Strassen zieht, auch mein Bursch in Reig und Glied, juchhei!

(The regiment marches by in style. There's my boy in rank and file, *juchhei!* etc.)

The official *Liederbuch der Bundeswehr*—in handy pocket size, bound in water-repellent plastic for bivouac exigencies—prescribes a standard repertoire of some 150 of these songs. After a few weeks of concerted singing, the average platoon manages to achieve performances of considerable vocal finesse and rhythmic rapport. Indeed the stentorian sound of the Bundeswehr on the move must be heard to be appreciated. A percussive four-four beat of slogging feet provides an *ostinato* bass while stalwart voices with strong chest tones roar out the vocal line above it. The current preference is for singing in unison, though rudimentary two-part harmony is sometimes added. Occasionally they also use rounds (in the musical rather than ordnance sense, I mean).

Although American-style helmets and accoutrements often lend a Yankee air to the Bundeswehr when seen from a distance, the illusion is shattered as soon as one of their marching columns comes within earshot. This is an unmistakably central European sound, descended from the old Männerchor, Meistersinger and Liederkranz tradition:

Wenn die Soldaten
durch die Stadt marschieren
öffnen die Mädchen
Fenster und die Türen.
Ei, warum? Ei, darum!
Ei, bloss weg'n dem
Schingderassa, Bumderassa
Schingdera.

(When the soldiers march through town, the girls open doors and pull the windows down. Oh but why? Why, oh why? All on account of the Schingderassa, Bumderassa, Schingdera.)

I HAVE NOTICED that mountain troops in the Bavarian alps sing far more *con brio* than the lowland infantry, and the motorized units have a definite tendency toward *tempo rubato* (*schleppend,* as Mahler would say). I attribute this to the circumstance that mountain troops are used to moving their legs *"Im gleichen Schritt und Tritt"* (In the same step and tread) as one of their songs has it, while motorized troops have outgrown the habit of using their legs eurhythmically except for short, informal strolls to the mess-hall, etc. Armored units, which do the least walking of all, have a

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branch song that manages to mechanize the "marching" lied:

Mit donnerndem Motor,
so schnell wie der Blitz,
dem Feinde entgegen,
im Panzer geschützt. . . .

(With thundering motor, as swift as lightning, against the enemy, protected by our armor. . . .)

For more formal occasions, instrumental music is provided by brass marching bands that glitter in the sun and follow musical precedents established by the flute-playing King Frederick the Great during the Seven Years' War. Every division has its own band led by a captain or major. In marching formation, the bandmaster struts ahead, wielding a heavy baton of the kind that killed Lully; two steps behind him comes the Schellenbaum or "bell tree," consisting of a long silver pole trimmed with a small banner, a silver crescent fringed with tiny bells, and two long horse tails.

Originally a near-Eastern symbol of authority, this curious instrument was taken over from Turkish troops in the eighteenth-century Balkan campaigns led by the famous field marshal Prince Eugene, who is the hero of a popular military ballad still sung by the Bundeswehr, "Prince Eugene the Noble Knight." The text of this song has him saying, in part: "Men load your guns and make them play so these heathen Turks will run away." It was not on the program, I noticed, when the Bundeswehr recently entertained General Tural, the head of the Turkish general staff.

The German parade march once known as the "goose step" is no longer in use here and has been replaced by the same kind of quickstep as the British and Americans use—about a hundred and ten steps per minute by my watch. For that matter, the entire marching inventory of the German army has been overhauled, and many stock items of former times are now missing from the catalogue. The prevailing tendencies of most lieder is to praise the joys of the outdoor life and hunting in green forests, plus flowers blue and your little eyes so true. If "the spirit and posture of the troops are mirrored in their songs," as Franz Joseph Strauss contends in his preface to the first Bundeswehr *Liederbuch,* then these are very happy troops indeed because they sing so many happy songs, such as "Let's Go the Cheerful Hunting," "Musketeers Are Jovial Brothers," "Our Hearts Dance and Sing," etc.

In deference to new foreign alignments, the songbook also contains non-German songs for assorted occasions, such as *"O Susanna! O weine nicht um mich! Denn ich komm von Alabama, bring meine Banjo nur für Dich."* There are only a few irredentist lieder in the Liederbuch on the order of "Silesia my *Heimatland,* we'll meet again on the Oder strand," which refers to a piece of territory now in Poland. Altogether these texts contain little to rouse the fears of nervous neighbors; record industry statistics show that German military band LP's are now among the perennial best-sellers not only in Germany and Austria but also in France, Belgium, and Holland.

Of wars more recent than 1918 I could find no mention in the official handbook. But a platoon of grenadiers I heard training near Würzburg were practicing their marching to a song that goes:

Narvik, Rotterdam, Korinth
und das heisse Kreta sind
Stätten unserer Siege.

(Narvik, Rotterdam, Corinth and the hot isle of Crete are the sites of our victories.)

Although they sang loudly and on pitch, I doubt whether many of these recruits could have explained what it was that had taken place at Narvik, Rotterdam, Corinth. They probably think of these places as waystations in the campaigns against the Turk.

New Haven *Bound*

GERALD WEALES

Robert Lowell's *Prometheus Bound,* which had its premiere at the Yale School of Drama on May 9, presumably had its beginnings in a suggestion by Peter Brook that the poet do an adaptation of the Aeschylus play for the Royal Shakespeare Company. If so, Brook is a literary matchmaker with an eye out for the easy and hopefully productive union, because Lowell and *Prometheus Bound* were obviously made for each other. Whatever Aeschylus did in his trilogy (and, I suppose, being Aeschylus, he reconciled Zeus to man, and damped down the Promethean fire), the surviving play is concerned with Zeus as tyrant, the heavenly rebel who, with a successful revolution on his hands, had to take on "the responsibilities of power," to use a phrase from the Lowell version, and found that that meant acting with harshness.

In *The Old Glory,* Lowell's remarkable dramatic trilogy, of which only two plays were performed in New York and only one, *Benito Cereno,* with much success, the playwright borrowed stories from Hawthorne and Melville and transformed them into fables about the necessary misuse of power. In *The Old Glory,* the fact of power demands action, the act has consequences and the result is inevitably violent. Given

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his concern with power and the reactions it elicits, Lowell would have to find *Prometheus Bound* thematically congenial.

THE DIFFICULTY, in choosing to adapt *Prometheus Bound*, is that, superficially at least, it has always seemed to modern audiences an undramatic play. Lowell's description, in his program note, is fairly standard: "one man, a sort of demigod at that, chained to a rock, orated to, and orating at, a sequence of embodied apparitions." Yet the play's central action, the attempt and failure of friend and enemy alike to persuade Prometheus to give in to Zeus, is clear and the ideas are exciting. After the initial scene in which Prometheus is bound to his rock, the play alternates between Prometheus's scenes with the Chorus and his confrontations with Oceanus, Io, and Hermes. An adaptor, without the conventions of Greek theatre to fall back on, is faced with apparently static scenes to translate into contemporary terms.

This is less a problem for Lowell than it might be for other playwrights because, as *The Old Glory* shows, his idea of drama falls somewhere between the poem and the conventional idea of a play. Each play of his American trilogy is constructed of scenes, sometimes dramatic but often purely expositional, linked by summarizing exchanges often no more than a few lines long, such as those between Robin and Boy in *My Kinsman, Major Molineux*. Although his main characters undergo emotional and ideational changes under the pressure of events, Lowell has no compulsion to lead from scene to scene in a traditional way; apparent breaks in the action, shifts to new characters, interruptions that are almost ludicrous in their clumsiness—all these are absorbed by the verbal pattern, the ideas and images that give the play its form. With this way of working, Lowell should not have found *Prometheus Bound* even as forbidding as his note suggests.

THE CONVENTIONAL WAY of treating the Greek myths in the contemporary theatre, the way of Giraudoux and Sartre and Jack Richardson, is to turn them into modern plays, in plot and idiom, to borrow the myth and leave the dramatic structure behind. This is exactly what Lowell has chosen not to do. What he has done is an "imitation," to use his own word for those poems of his which start out as translations and end as new works that only suggest the originals. Here the changes are much greater because he worked in prose and from a translation, "one of the dullest I could find," so that there would be little temptation to echo the Englished Aeschylus. Yet he retains the Aeschylean structure, using the same sequence of confrontations to express a theme that is at once reminiscent of the Greek play and at the same time wholly his own. Although the characters still babble 'a Greek myths, the result is a remarkably contemporary play which, ironically, the production at Yale disguised in pseudo seventeenth-century trappings that were much more irrelevant than director Jonathan Miller thought.

One of the three Seabirds, all that Lowell retains of Aeschylus's Chorus,

says of Zeus early in the play, "He is harsh because he is new to power." This idea, central in Aeschylus, is in Lowell no more than one Seabird's opinion. Although Lowell's Prometheus, like Aeschylus's, must decide whether or not to do Zeus's bidding, the play insists that power is inevitably violent and that neither accommodation nor opposition will keep a man from becoming a victim. Lowell, who is as casual in his use of Aeschylus's myth as the Greek dramatist was in his use of Hesiod, finds his image in Prometheus's speech about the punishments inflicted on his brothers, Atlas and Typhon. Lowell, like Aeschylus, describes Atlas carrying the world on his shoulders and Typhon buried beneath Mount Etna, his anger reduced to occasional fiery spitballs that destroy innocent Sicilians, but Lowell moves beyond the original to suggest that Atlas got into his predicament by trying to do what Zeus wanted and Typhon into his by opposing him. The play is essentially an elaboration of this idea.

Prometheus, although a Titan himself, impatient with the bumbling rule of Cronos and his brothers' blimpish assumption that brute strength would always win out, joined Zeus in his successful attempt to take power. Once he was in charge of things, Zeus reorganized heaven, introduced divine specialization, and —the play implies—made the heavenly trains run on time. Efficient revolutionary states are not established without violence, as Prometheus knew when he went along with the Titanic punishments Zeus passed out. When Zeus turned his tyrannical attention to man, ostensibly because they missed the good old days of Cronos, more likely because no father castrator is quite comfortable until he has isolated his own likely successor, Prometheus deserted the revolution. He taught men the skills they needed to function on earth, gave them hope since he could not give them immortality, brought them fire, the gift that will finally endanger heaven.

LOWELL'S play opens, as Aeschylus's did, with the chaining to the rock, Zeus's punishment of Prometheus for having allied himself with man. In Lowell, this scene has been reduced to a single speech by Hephaestus, who, as friend and nephew to Prometheus, regrets having to bind him but, as the heavenly blacksmith, is rather proud of his work. Having been crippled by Zeus, Hephaestus has no intention of defying him. Force and Power (the elemental forces that serve whoever is in charge) are willing prison guards to Hephaestus's reluctant locksmith. Aeschylus makes this clear in lines that one of them speaks, but Lowell keeps them silent, depending apparently upon the action on stage to make their function clear. This was mostly lost in the Yale production because Miller surrounded them with an entourage, including a drummer boy; devised a lot of mumbo jumbo to cover the always awkward business of the chaining itself;

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and had the whole thing played in the dark, even though Lowell's lines, like Aeschylus's, indicate that the whole point of the punishment is that the rock is in cruel, unending sunlight. Still, Hephaestus's only-obeying-orders speech, like a whisper from the Auschwitz trials, sets the tone of what is to follow.

There is about Aeschylus's Prometheus, particularly in the long speeches, a certain look-at-me-I'm-suffering quality that is difficult for a contemporary audience to accept. Lowell has escaped the trap in those speeches by endowing his protagonist with a healthy amount of self-mockery. His Prometheus is a devious idealist, tripped up by his own intelligence, tangled in the semi-comic invective that cuts himself as often as it does his antagonist. For a good part of the play, Prometheus's foreknowledge (which must be accepted literally for the plot's sake) sounds like nothing more than the projection of a man who has seen through heaven and earth and knows that neither god nor man will come to much, that the fire of intelligence is also the fire of destruction. "Intelligence is suffering," says one of the Seabirds, and the line works doubly —a comment on the real nature of Prometheus's torture and a hint of what that Promethean fire is going to be used for on earth. This characterization was emphasized at Yale by the performance of Kenneth Haigh, who, as Jimmy Porter in *Look Back in Anger* and as Caligula in Albert Camus's play of that name, has been over this kind of jokingly painful ground before. Except for occasional moments when Prometheus dipped to Jimmy Porter's whine, Haigh's performance the night I saw it was excellent, the sustaining force that this play must keep at its center.

LOWELL'S Ocean (a mythical substitute for the original Oceanus) is a wonderfully self-indulgent old god, essentially indifferent to the political changes in heaven. He has, however, become a messenger for Zeus, and is ready to use his influence with Prometheus, his son-in-law, in exchange for being left alone. "I have grown carefree," he says, "learning how to give in." David Hurst, dressed in the only relevant costume of the evening, a voluminous coat that flapped around him like the ocean's edges, played the character with a combination of laxness and cunning that made it clear that he could not fool Zeus or Prometheus or a child of seven.

According to the myths, Io, beloved of Zeus, was turned into a heifer and forced to wander the earth until she finally gave birth to the god's son. In Aeschylus, she serves as another example of Zeus's tyranny and as the prospect of what is to come because from her line will be born Heracles, who will free Prometheus. In Lowell, she represents another kind of giving in, not the politic accommodation

of Ocean or the frightened compliance of Hephaestus, but "gentle acceptance," the free reception of Zeus. Irene Worth so effectively conveyed the quality of Io's sensual awakening that the play almost snagged on her big speech, particularly since the playwright put his only act break at the end of it. Since there is no comfort in Io's acceptance, her speech has to be balanced against the suffering which has resulted and, which, as Prometheus describes, is to follow from her seduction.

In her speech, somewhat incidentally, Io describes Hermes, and in a few lines, Irene Worth created a complete character—a complacent junior god at once self-important and unsure. This is Aeschylus's Hermes and, judging by the lines, Lowell's as well, but that character was pretty much lost at Yale as the actor and director turned him into a parody storm trooper. That was unfortunate, for the final force of the play depends upon a defiant Prometheus, facing Zeus's threats, the uglier for being in Hermes's mouth (like Osric carrying a challenge to Hamlet), and refusing to give in, even though he knows that his opposition is pointless. His foreknowledge can show him that Zeus will be overthrown, but only to be replaced by a new tyranny. This is not Aeschylus's Prometheus in a final act of *hybris*. This is not the romantic re-reading of Aeschylus's Prometheus, the fire-giver, still rebel to the tyrant god. This is a god, who is really intelligent man, burning in his own fire.

THERE ARE a number of disquieting things in this fascinating play. For example, the part of the play that deals with the transference of power from gods to men, which should be a subsidiary theme to the central one on the nature of power, sometimes appears to be working in opposition, perhaps because many of the lines already identify the gods as men. The scene with Io is finally ineffective because it consists of a solo by Io, performed while Prometheus and the Seabirds wait, followed by one by Prometheus, during which she joins the Seabirds as audience. This is reminiscent of the scene in Aeschylus, but the suggestion in the Lowell play is that something happens to Prometheus as he describes Io's future ("I was trying to feel my way to truth—one word led to another") which prepares him for the scene with Hermes.

These apparent disruptions of the play's unity may be illusionary, the problem of listening to a difficult text for the first time; Walter Kerr, after all, managed to give the play an ecstatic review without ever mentioning what it was about. The disunity, of course, may be real, the problem of the play still in the making, for the script was greatly cut in production. Judging by *The Old Glory*, Lowell works carefully to see that the ideas in his plays fit together and with the verbal and dramatic imagery as well. At some point, however, he seems to lose interest, because *The Old Glory* is scarred by material left over from earlier versions and studded with incipient ideas, false starts that were not carried out and not quite discarded. *Prometheus Bound* is probably in that state now. It would be a shame if it were declared finished—published—before it had taken final shape. As it stood on the stage at Yale, it was already a great deal more impressive than many a play that has achieved form at the expense of substance.

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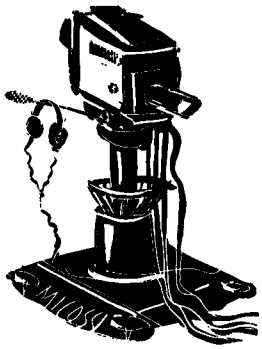

Fact and Fantasy

ALAN M. KRIEGSMAN

INCENDIARY fusions of violence, lassitude, prurience, and paradox —that is always the way with Antonioni pictures. They explode across movie screens and the fallout inundates chit-chat and reading matter for months. Now comes *Blow-Up*, the Biggest Bang of them all, and in its wake the same mushrooming questions. What is he driving at? Is he holding up the mirror of art to the ambiguities of the age, or is it just a big put-on? Is this the circus of life he's showing us, and are the freaks we behold ourselves? Or is he Pantalone, clowning at our expense?

The Maestro has delivered two important clues to *Blow-Up*. In a recent interview Antonioni tells us that he has departed radically from his previous films in both method and theme. The new method is mental rather than visceral: "All of the other films I did with my stomach, this one I did with my brain." The new theme turns from the interpersonal-physical to the metaphysical: ". . . before, I am questioning the relationships between men and men, and this one is about the relation between men and reality."

All this is borne out by the film. There is still plenty of intercourse, literal and figurative, between man and man and man and woman in *Blow-Up*—after all, Antonioni is an *Italian* director, and this is an Italian film, though the language is English and the locale swinging London—but none of this coupling is really germane. Boiled down to essentials, the plot enlarges a small incident in the workday of a Mod photographer, and blows it up to mythic significance. Out on a shooting spree, the photographer snaps some candid shots of an amorous-looking couple in a park. Development shows them to contain, almost microscopically, the details of a murder. (Blow up appearance and you get reality—but this too is not the crux.)

The photographer doesn't call the police. Child of our disturbed times that he is, his impulses are cool and esthetic, not moral. What he wants is to return to the scene of the crime and train his hungry lens on the corpse. But diverted from his goal by fear and weakness, he is too late. By the time he returns with his camera, the corpse is gone. In the picture's final moments, he has a flash of pained insight. Finis. Contrast this with the other major Antonioni films—*L'Avventura, La Notte, Eclipse* (I omit *Red Desert* because I haven't yet seen it, but from what I've read and heard it fits here too)—all dealing in one way or another with love. The amorous couple in *Blow-Up* is only a hinge. The girl in the park, Vanessa Redgrave's role, remains a minor figure despite her sexy encounter with the photographer.

ANTONIONI has spoken true: the subject is novel. And the method? What is amazing about it is its elusiveness. On the surface, *Blow-Up* looks aimless. Its sequence seems as random as a "happening." Its path is strewn with striking but apparently pointless detours. Like the photographer's candid prints, it requires closer scrutiny. For beneath the aleatoric exterior is a plan as determinate as a blueprint, and as carefully integrated.

The plan is articulated on three levels. The primary level follows classical outlines—preparation (the shooting in the park, with its double entendre), climax (the blow-up of the photos), and denouement (the final return to the park). Each of these is surrounded and buttressed by scenes on the secondary level. Thus, the first park trip is framed by the photographer's two visits to the antique shop he finds so fascinating. The blow-up is enveloped and split in half by three erotic episodes. In the first, Vanessa Redgrave offers the delights of her body in exchange for the fatal film, but the act is never consummated. In the second, the notorious teeny-bopper orgy, it is consummated *à trois*. In the third the photographer inadvertently catches the couple next door in the throes. The denouement, the return to the park, is not encircled in this same way. But it is prefaced by the marijuana party, in which the real crisis of the film emerges.

After discovering the secret of the photos, the photographer goes out to look for his friend Ron. He finds him at the pot party, in a narcotic stupor. He tries to rouse him, telling him that he has been to the park and seen the corpse, and that now the two of them must go together to take a final picture. "I'm not a photographer," Ron protests. With set defiant jaw, the photographer replies, "*I* am!" The moment of truth has arrived. But then Ron, who has risen and is stumbling his way towards the party's inner sanctum, crooks a finger of invitation at our hero. He pauses, then follows into the smoky den. The moment is gone. The next morning, in the park, he finds—nothing. Trees, grass, sky are as before, but the victim has disappeared forever.

Also on the secondary level, at the very beginning and end of the film, are the prologue and epilogue of the mimes. The first breathtaking frames you see, the jeepload of mimes, a shrieking, wriggling mass

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of protoplasm careening toward you in dizzying arcs, is one of Antonioni's most brilliant strokes.

Interspersed with everything I have described so far are the myriad incidents of the third level. They function in expository, transitional and ornamental ways—the introductory scene with the photographer amid some flophouse bums, his studio and the flock of fashion models, his first visit to the painter's apartment, the conversation with Ron in the café, the pursuit of the mystery man who's been rifling his car for the photos, the Peace March, the enigmatic call from the phone booth, the suggestive interlude with the painter's wife, the vandalized studio, the rock-and-roll joint.

In the welter of all this detail, from the mingling of levels arises that atmosphere of Mod anomie and dislocation which some have mistaken for the "message" of the film. It is not. It is no more than the environment, the psychological backdrop, as it has been for earlier Antonioni pictures.

The film is also permeated with symbolic parallels, which set up a constant feedback of awareness. Such, for example, are the birds in the park, echoing the "birds"—i.e., the models—in the studio. Or the inscrutable painting on the friend's easel, with its hint of a leg half seen, foreshadowing the park photos with their guilty glimpse of gun and cadaver. Or the venetian blinds in the painter's hall, reverberating to those in the café. Or the two tennis games —the real one on the first trip to the park, and the simulation by the mimes on the final trip. The blow-up scene has a parallel in reverse. During the last moments of the movie, we see David Hemmings, who plays the photographer, standing in the grass watching the mimes' imaginary tennis match. There is a lightning cut to a long overhead shot. Hemmings has receded to a speck against the green. (A blow-down, if you will.) Another second and the reversal is complete, for as we watch him bend to retrieve his camera and then straighten, he vanishes instantaneously. Nothing is left but grass and the words "The End."

I have yet to mention the most pervasive symbol of all—Death, whose ghastly visage seems to haunt the screen in a hundred guises. We feel its cold presence in the chalky masks of the mimes, in the bleak slouch of the flophouse derelicts, in the vacuous pouts of the fashion models; we see it again in the huge, impassive woman in brown, harpooning trash in the park, in the zombie ranks of rock-and-rollers, in the upside-down features of the painter's wife, contorted with the agonies of frustrated desire, and in the sleeping form of the photographer, stretched out on the bed like a fallen Caesar on his catafalque, the morning after the pot party. And at the vortex, of course, is the supine figure of the murdered man, seen whitely in the midnight blackness of the park, unblinking eyes glaring cruelly upwards.

Throughout *Blow-Up*, Antonioni remains the supreme and exacting craftsman of the camera whose genius was revealed in *L'Avventura*. If we haven't already gotten McLuhan's message about the medium, Antonioni drives it home with a vengeance. Each frame is a vision, a picture, fully composed in an almost painterly way. Everything is seen with devastating intensity. The hard, flat, blinding surfaces of color double and redouble that intensity.

But the camera eye is more than instrument in *Blow-Up*. The protagonist of the film, the photographer, is not Everyman. He is an artist, today's artist, the artist as voyeur. His actions are, in turn, clandestinely observed and recorded for us by the Prime Peeper himself, Michelangelo Antonioni. Nor is the director content to let the audience escape without taint. We too must experience the guilty, lewd itch of the voyeur. This, I'm convinced, is the main reason for the teeny orgy. Antonioni wants to hold our heads to the keyhole. As the two girls mount the stairs to the photographer's studio, the camera follows, straining lecherously under the miniskirts. We are made to view this through Hemmings's eyes, seeing nothing but legs and behinds.

For the photographer, peeping is both vocation and avocation. The first time we see him he is disguised as a bum, the better to spy on bums. As voyeur, and as artist also, his compulsion is to keep his distance from life, far enough to avoid involvement, far enough to see clearly. To see, not to touch. What he is after is not merely erotic-esthetic titillation but the unique thrill of peeping—to watch hidden, seeing but unseen, to pry undetected into the secret intimacies of the world. The more forbidden the secret, the bigger the thrill. What then could better satisfy his need than the lovers in the park?

Only it doesn't work out that way. Fate offers him the chance to confront the darkest of all secrets —not love, but death. And this is his failure, his breaking point. He looks upon the face of death, in the park, at night. Now even he must touch, to make sure. But terror keeps him from the ultimate step. "I'm not a photographer."..."*I* am!" Yet he cannot return, not at once, not alone, not in the black of night. Instead, he takes refuge in the phantasms of pot, and in the morning the chance has fled. What is it, then, that suddenly dawns on him as he watches the mimes at their tennis, which changes his amusement to anguish? That life is a game? No, for he saw the truth of the platitude long before. Not that life is a game, but that, artist or no, he cannot help playing it. The illusion is too perfect, too seductive, Besides, it is so much safer, so very much safer than facing truth—the truth of death. The nonexistent tennis ball has been hit over the net, and one of the mimes entreats him to retrieve it. He hesitates, but he goes, discovering that from the entrapment of mortality not even the artist is excluded.

The trouble with *Blow-Up*, though, is that everything is so completely externalized. The method, with all its attendant artifice, is almost too mental—a little more stomach would have helped. Our reaction follows suit. We are intrigued, gripped even, but not moved. We are never drawn in beyond the keyhole (as we are so powerfully in *L'Avventura*, for instance). Yet in the face of all Antonioni's brilliance it is well to remain humble. With *Blow-Up* he has advanced to a plane where genuine tragedy becomes possible. Who would deny that he might make the possible actual?

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 171

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.

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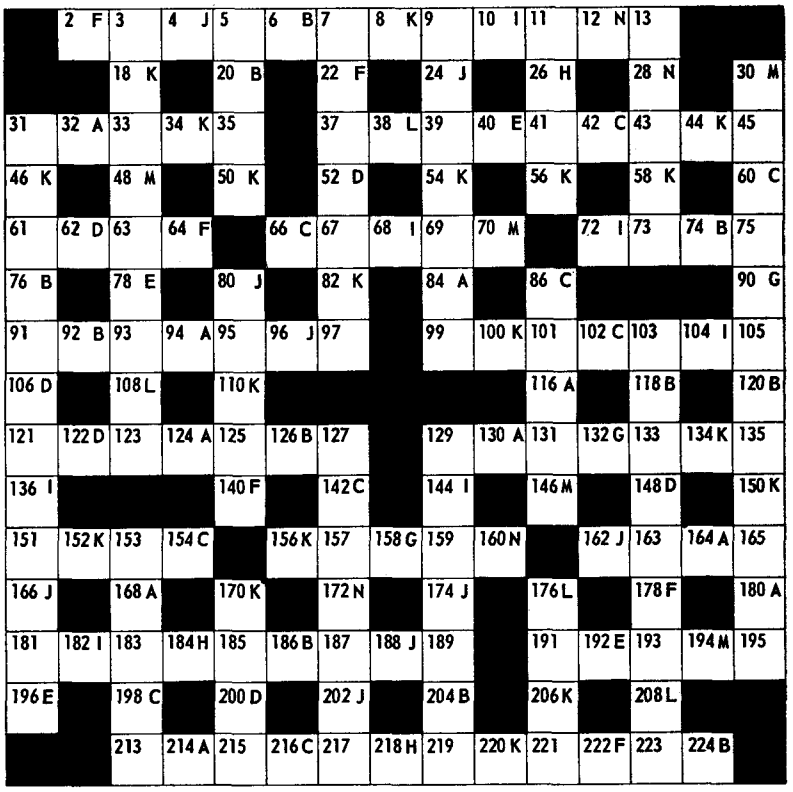

A
168 124 84 130 180 94 32 164 116
214 Solid ground (5,5).

B
120 92 76 186 6 74 20 204 118 126
224 "And little recks to find the way to heaven / By doing deeds of_____." Shakespeare, As You Like It.

C
142 66 86 216 42 60 198 102 154
Museum piece, perhaps (5,4) (Fr.).

D
200 62 52 122 148 106 Messenger.

E
196 40 78 192 "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is_____." Isaiah.

F
2 140 22 222 64 178 "La belle Dame sans Merci / Hath thee in_____." Keats, "La Belle Dame Sans Merci."

G
158 90 132 Right side of a horse.

H
218 26 184 Familiar name for a queen of England.

I
144 10 72 136 182 104 68 The big fish or the story told about it?

J
166 202 174 24 80 4 96 188 162 "And with the sea-breeze hand in hand, / Came_____and she." Thompson, "Daisy."

K
134 46 56 206 100 8 150 18 156 54
170 34 58 82 44 50 110 152 220 With "The," a work of the Acrostician (4,9,6).

L
108 208 38 176 Finished.

M
30 146 48 194 70 Hebrew vestment.

N
172 28 12 160 Formerly a Spanish coin.

ACROSS

2. Work of the Acrostician (3,6,3).
31. A hundred and one fish to smoke.
37. Amuse and go in first.
61. It's really nothing found about in well under a hundred.
66. Undressed bread.
72. German emperor takes on a man and becomes a Turk.
91. Limit on one fin in a cone.
99. Kind of letter or pimpernel.
121. The scent is something! It bugs me!
129. Gourmet food may have fur left.
151. Trial in Protestant theology.
156. Polish? H___, no! Ruin it.
162. A Spanish river may be a bore.
181. What the smoker or the hiker may do (4,1,4).
191. Unfinished mystery or rod for plumbing it.
213. A dyke near me? O dear! Prepare him (4,3,5).

DOWN

3. Part of Scotland closest to Heaven?
5. Merit sounds like a container.
7. A renegade is a bit more than what he throws.
9. It wobbles but contains a water animal.
11. Mend it, cuss it.
13. Fungus found in the nearby eastern states.
30. There's drink and food there, but you can't go farther (3,2,3,4).
31. There's a draft around here, but behead it and start in and it's writing.
80. A girth with a measure at last.
86. Crowd when the confection rises? (3,2).
103. A vital fluid bled of oil.
127. Kind of singer appropriate in 3 down?
129. Sparkle with a wet link.
153. Vapor sometimes found in meats.
170. Gospeler who may brand one.
176. Dangerous when ragged on in ragged generalities.

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BOOKS

The Palomares Bomb

REAR ADMIRAL JOHN D. HAYES (USN, Ret.)

ONE OF OUR H-BOMBS IS MISSING, by Flora Lewis, *McGraw-Hill. $5.95.*

THE BOMBS OF PALOMARES, by Tad Szulc. *Viking. $6.50.*

THE DAY THEY LOST THE H-BOMB, by Christopher Morris. *Coward-McCann. $5.*

It was January 17, 1966, when a B-52 bomber carrying four unarmed nuclear weapons collided with a KC-135 tanker during an in-flight fueling approach over the obscure village of Palomares on the southeast coast of Spain. The protracted aftermath became a major news event of the year. The wreckage and three of the hydrogen bombs fell on the village, without hurting a living thing; the fourth went into the Mediterranean. Two of the bombs on land broke open on impact, spreading some plutonium dust and much fear of radioactivity. A foolish attempt at secrecy, stemming both from Air Force mystique and Spain's concern for its tourist trade, turned into a public-relations debacle. On the other hand, the finding of the fourth bomb five miles offshore and half a mile down and its retrieval eighty days later from the mountainous bottom of the sea was a mark in ocean history and an ocean engineering breakthrough.

American embarrassment, popular fear of radiation, and a delicate world situation combined to make recovery of the missing weapon mandatory and to give this mission the nature and urgency of a naval campaign, in this case against the sea itself. Though the U.S. Navy was scarcely ready for this unusual and challenging task, it quickly organized combat, research, and commercial units with underwater capabilities into Task Force 65 of the Sixth Fleet under the command of Rear Admiral William S. Guest. Except for the over-all direction, however, civilian scientists and engineers had the key roles, while the primary ships, three submersibles and an underwater research vessel, were all civilian-manned. These civilians worked with men in uniform in resourceful but not always amiable harmony to give the world a demonstration of American know-how and perseverance. The bomb was recovered by men working in the ocean and on its surface using a combination of the most modern scientific tools and age-old principles of seamanship. This frustrating and hazardous day-and-night endeavor was fraught with excitement and boredom, improvisation and luck. There were bitter setbacks, including the dropping of the bomb on the first lift attempt.

The drama of Palomares attracted extensive news coverage. After it was over, journalists who had seen part of it hurried into print with magazine articles, followed almost frenetically by these three books. Notable among the periodical pieces that appeared last September was one in *Reader's Digest,* largely an Air Force apologia, and another in *True* by one of the authors reviewed here, Tad Szulc of the New York *Times.*

THE BOOK RACE was won by Christopher Morris of the London *Daily Express* with *The Day They Lost the H-Bomb,* out in time for the Christmas trade. His effort hardly merits a review, for it is little more than a twenty-page article hurriedly blown up to book size. If its errors were eliminated, it could be cut to ten pages.

Tad Szulc's work is also disappointing. After five years as a Latin-American correspondent for the *Times* and fresh from a reporting success in Santo Domingo, Szulc was sent to head the Madrid office shortly before the accident. The *Times* coverage of the Palomares affair was both candid and fair, and Szulc was close to U.S. Ambassador Angier Biddle Duke. Szulc's volume, the last to reach the bookstores, was expected to be the best. The book jacket calls it "the complete story" and a "thorough analysis," but it is far from either. In the area where this reviewer is qualified to judge, Szulc exhibits ignorance of naval matters, believing, for instance, that Polaris missiles went down with the attack submarine *Thresher* in 1963 and that *SeaLab II* was employed in the Palomares search. It is evident that his account of the sea side of the operation comes almost entirely from official reports, but he demonstrates that he is qualified neither to interpret them nor to read between their lines.

He writes of countless submarine officers summoned to Spain. The actual number could almost be counted on one's fingers, the senior of them being two commanders. Why an aviation rather than a submarine flag officer was selected to head this job has never been explained. Szulc is at his best in his portrayal of the commander of Task Force 65, with whom he was better acquainted than were the other two

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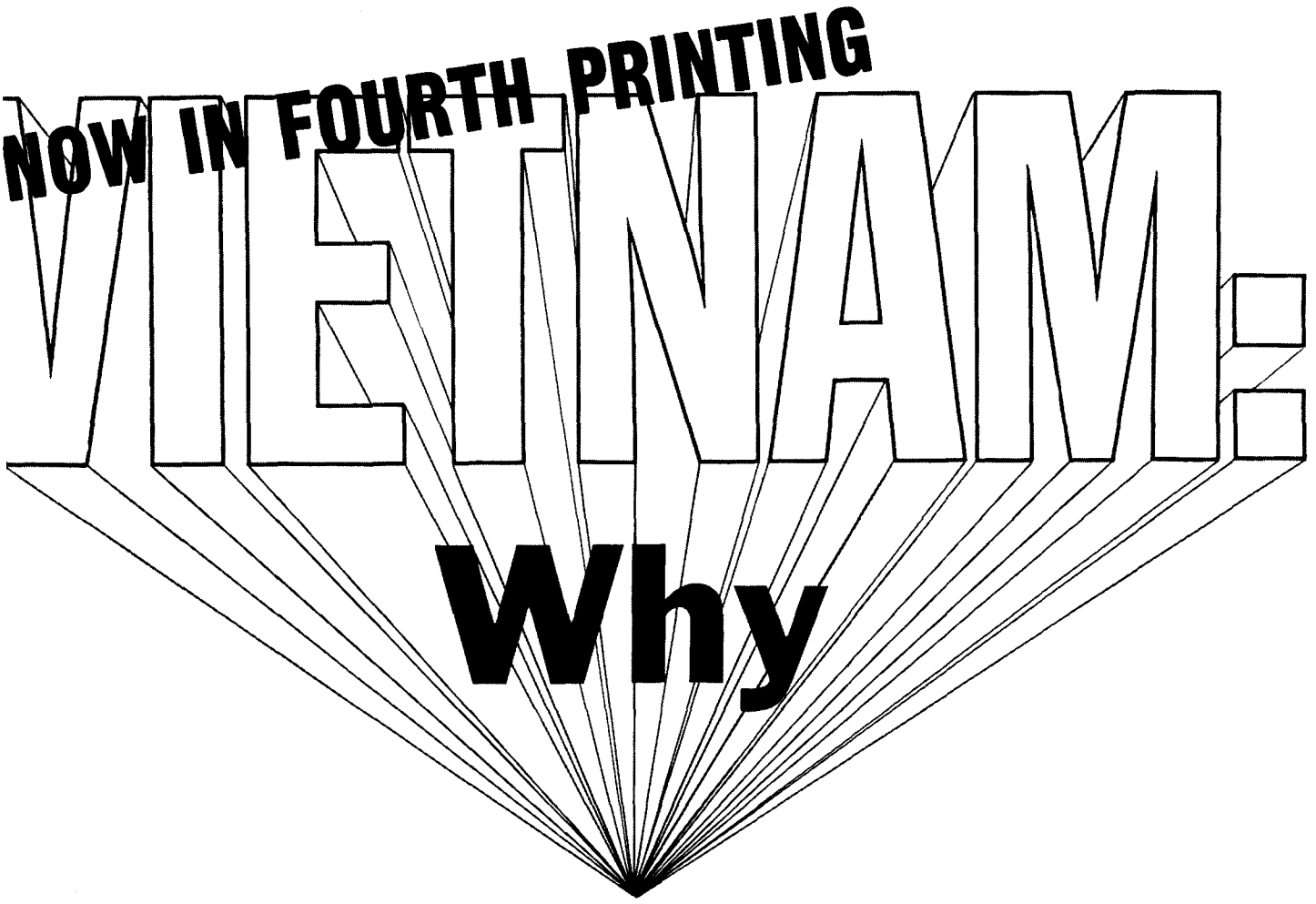

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writers. And he alone sensed the theological overtones of this implacable drama.

Szulc apparently succumbed to pressure to get his volume out; otherwise, how could he have allowed the publisher to produce this one without an index?

Flora Lewis's work has an index, and it will still be in use after the other two are forgotten. Miss Lewis, in 1966 a correspondent of the Washington *Post*, has caught some of the drama of the sea action in a trenchant and well-researched account based largely on interviews. However, she does not start recording it until two-thirds through her book. Like the others, she overtreats the land side and the Dr. Strangelove-James Bond aspects of the affair at the expense of the productive and just as dramatic search and salvage. For the sea account she depends for the most part on the crew of the deep submersible *Alvin*. Her narration of their recorded conversations on the day they found the bomb is the highlight of the three books.

She is hard on the task force commander but shows some feeling for the loneliness of this crushing sea command in a pithy line: "Although he irritated others, he anguished every minute." After *Alvin's* crew, her hero is Francisco Simo Orts, the Spanish fisherman who saw the bomb hit the water and plotted its position.

THESE three works have a common drawback in their lack of depth, the usual sin of professional writers who do not hesitate to attempt subjects on which they are but superficially informed. Another transgression of this trade is to overstress the roles of those involved who were most helpful to them. All three authors in this case might have done better had they collaborated with knowledgeable participants.

The full and accurate story of this historic salvage job remains to be told. It can be comprehended best by breaking its eighty-day ordeal into three periods. During the first, which lasted until February 17, the task force was assembled. From then until March 15, the job was primarily search, and thereafter until April 7, recovery. The prime accomplishment in the first period was the

dispatch from the United States of men, ships, and equipment with deep-water capabilities, although in those early weeks frogmen did conduct a highly effective search from shore out to a depth of eighty feet. They recovered more than a hundred pieces of debris, including some essential items. But despite frantic efforts with sonar, divers, and underwater television, little else productive could be done until the arrival of the three submersibles—*Alvin* and *Aluminaut*, capable of operating to six thousand feet, and *Cubmarine* with a limiting depth of six hundred feet—together with the underwater research ship *Mizar*.

By February 17, the task-force commander had sufficient understanding of his problem and means of coping with it to make an estimate of the situation and outline a plan, which thereafter was followed to successful conclusion. The core of this plan was the designation of two high-priority zones. One was a circular area of one mile radius some five miles offshore in deep water; its center was the point where the fisherman Simo had seen the object fall into the sea. The second zone was the water area contiguous to the shore where the three other weapons had been found. By early March the search in this shallow-water zone had been thorough enough to raise doubts that the bomb was there.

Overshadowing all efforts during the search was the strong likelihood that the weapon would not be found. In that event it would have been necessary to prove not only to U.S. authorities but also to the Spanish government and the world community that failure to find it after such an exhaustive search meant that there was no possibility of ever finding it. This was a rational approach at the time.

ALL CHANGED on March 15, when the *Alvin* crew found the parachute with the bomb under it in 2,500 feet of water on a steep slope about 1,800 yards southeast of the spot designated by the fisherman. From then on the operation was one of recovery, although for nine trying days the bomb could not be located after it had been dropped on the first lift attempt. It was after this contretemps that CURV (Cable-controlled Underwater Research Vehicle), modified to extend its depth range from two thousand to almost three thousand feet, was hastily flown from California.

The rugged topography of the deep-water area made sonar virtually useless. Visual search, "Mark I eyeball," was effective, although its range was hardly more than fifteen feet. The bomb was found by a form of random search in which a combination of favorable factors counterbalanced the handicap of limited vision. The weapon, in sliding down the mountainous underwater terrain, had left a track one thousand feet long.

The *Alvin* crew searched along terrain contours generally perpendicular to this track, which was

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Solution to

THE REPORTER

Puzzle #170

Acrostician—

WALTER REUTHER

identified on March 1 by the observer in *Alvin,* Captain Frank A. Andrews, USN (Ret.), who two years before had found the sunken *Thresher* at eight thousand feet. The track was the clue that led to the bomb.

However, using *Alvin* in the recovery attempts to secure the lifting lines failed. During one of these efforts, she came dangerously near to being enveloped in the billowing parachute. CURV, on the other hand, had no difficulty attaching two lines to the chute. In attempting to secure the third, this vehicle did become fouled in the shrouds; but this was no crisis since it was unmanned. It was hoisted along with the parachute and the bomb. During this lift, the manned *Alvin* was employed correctly, observing and reporting the operation.

HERE appears to be the principal ocean engineering lesson of Palomares. For searching the sea's bottom, the eye combined with human judgment is still superior to electronics, which as yet cannot discriminate in the hostile environment of the deep ocean; hence the manned submersible is necessary. For recovery, however, and perhaps for other jobs on the bottom, the work is still too dangerous for these craft. Here it can be done better by advanced unmanned gear monitored and directed electronically from the surface.

None of the published prose on Palomares yet matches the terse summation by Ray M. Pitts, one of the key civilians: "The bottom of the ocean is a domain of which we know little. In this case a heterogeneous collection of men and equipment from many walks of life and varied disciplines banded together without prior planning to face an emergency. The systems with which they worked were generally experimental and technically crude compared with the sophisticated gadgetry of other fields. But this fundamental simplicity was a blessing; almost everything tried worked and the job got done. We should be warned that our national interest requires the United States to achieve a better posture in the field of ocean engineering. If we take heed, this operation will have not been just a rectification of past errors but a guide to future progress."

The Aid Problem

HANS LANDSBERG

THE CHALLENGE OF FOREIGN AID, **by Jacob J. Kaplan.** ***Praeger. $8.50.***

I have two quarrels with this latest and most useful discussion of foreign aid. The first concerns its conventional title, which may keep it out of the hands of those who would profit most from even a selective reading of the text—that is, those who consider the subject exhausted. The second is the heading of the introduction, "Why are we suddenly so fatigued?" which the author has borrowed from a remark made by President Kennedy in what turned out to be his last press conference. The fact is that even then we had been working ourselves into a state of chronic fatigue for many years.

While I am in substantial agreement with he reasons given for the fatigue, I suspect that the biggest one, which gets little if any publicity, is that public debate, associated almost solely with the annual Congressional review and appropriation, has tended to focus on the amount and on little else, unless one wants to include juicy failures or misdeeds. Yet the level of foreign aid is at once the most elusive and, within limits, the least crucial feature of the whole undertaking. We can have a good program at two, three, or four billion dollars, a bad one at ten, and vice versa. But one thing we cannot have is a debate on figures detached from specific purposes. Most of the public debate even today runs from statements that developed countries should set aside at least one per cent of their gross national product for foreign aid to complaints that the United States cannot afford

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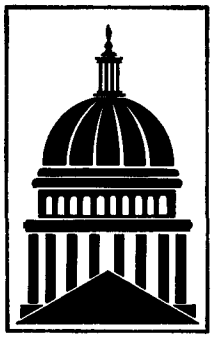
year after year to throw several billion dollars to people who cannot manage their own affairs —observations that are met with wails from the administration that any cut will ruin the program, though no proof of ruin has ever been successfully adduced. Who would not be fatigued in that atmosphere?

One of the few things that Kaplan mercifully leaves alone, because he knows better, is precisely this numbers game (he touches lightly and usefully on it in his chapter on burden-sharing). He has compiled a history of U.S. foreign aid, presented under appropriate subject headings rather than by chronology, and a critique of our foreign-aid policies. Both are rendered readable as well as intelligible by the author's ability to draw on concrete examples that come to him from his own long involvement with the program. There are few pages that do not contain a reference to Pakistan or Nigeria or Turkey or some other aid recipient to illustrate a point, more often than not in a successful attempt to demolish a myth or at least put it in proper perspective. Thus we are neither preached at nor flattened by mute masses of statistics. Instead we are treated to a dispassionate exposition of objectives and policies and to a trenchant evaluation of their worth and meaning, with a minimal use of professional jargon.

NONETHELESS, no new book on foreign aid is justified unless it presents a new point of view, or at least a new wrinkle here and there. Kaplan's book qualifies easily. I would perhaps single out his treatment of what he calls the "economic development syndrome." Both philosophically and practically, he deplores the elevation of economic development to first rank among U.S. foreign-aid objectives, an event that he dates to 1961, the first of the Kennedy aid programs. He contends that it was then that both social and political development took second place, at least as goals, and he offers persuasive arguments in support of his thesis.

Economic development, Kaplan points out, has a number of aspects that recommend it as an objective



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to the foreign-aid policymaker. Above all, it can be made the subject of a "plan," detailed both in amounts and in timing, its progress measurable in terms of percentage increases in gross national product. By the same token, it can have a date of termination of aid.

The author deserves credit for looking beyond the simple notion that in the wake of economic development the recipient countries would reap social and political maturity and all the other attributes of stability that would make them viable allies.

"In the developing world," he comments, "an accelerated rate of economic growth is more likely to shake traditional value patterns to their core. New institutions and value systems will have to evolve to replace the old, and their character is at best highly unpredictable. Deviation from Western norms, not conformity to them, is more likely to result from imposing advanced technology and modern systems of production on the traditions of the less developed world. Moreover, a high rate of economic progress, achieved at considerable cost to the political and social stability of nations, may encourage and facilitate international adventures and jeopardize the peace."

Political turmoil in Nigeria, long picked as a showcase of success for U.S. foreign aid, and recent events in Greece vividly illuminate Kaplan's doubts on the score of economic development as the goal from which all other blessings will flow. Few countries can match Greece in growth of gross national product.

In reality, the author freely admits, the priority system is often ignored. Pakistan, which in recent years has had a fine growth record, should have found it easy to obtain badly needed aid funds in mid-1965, but its friendliness toward Communist China and its involvement in the Kashmir conflict proved stronger deterrents than a laudable economic performance could offset. What is at stake, therefore, is above all the unfortunate rationale of the program, the exposure to criticism when achievements fall short of goals, and above all, the illusory promise of automatic "compound" growth and release from foreign-aid ties as predictable certainties in the near future.

WHAT Kaplan suggests is not a return to the gimmickry of the 1950's, when the foreign-aid program became encrusted with a multitude of objectives and policies, convenient as these were for accommodating different countries and awarding them aid without the total having to be justified under a single heading, and useful as they were in avoiding Congressional idiosyncrasies that developed from year to year. Instead, he argues for the association of economic development with equally significant—and sometimes perhaps even more significant—objectives in the social and political field. But here a long-term perspective is required of the sort granted to authors but rarely to legislators. The goal may be "nation building," for example, without which even economic development may remain an illusory objective. In such an effort, Kaplan observes, enterprises normally denounced as showpieces and therefore as wasteful uses of U.S. funds (stadiums, parks, palaces) may be fully justified. It is a useful thought, but it presupposes an educational effort of truly heroic proportions to drive home a point like this to men having jurisdiction over the expenditure of tax funds.

The point is of special interest because elsewhere Kaplan suggests that in the future, administration aid proposals should force Congress to approve programs that are cast in general aid categories but are also specific in terms of country allocations. (Ever since the beginning of the aid programs, administrations have submitted to Congress such data as "illustrative" only, in order to be able to adjust to changing conditions and to keep lobbying to a minimum.) If Congress were to have its say on the country allocation, it would do less sniping from the sidelines. It is only fair to add that this suggestion is rooted in Kaplan's belief that Congressional performance could not be much worse than it is now, so that little would be risked—an arguable point.

There are other portions of bright originality and commendable directness. Kaplan's discussion of the gimmick of "self-help" and the difficulties of defining such efforts in practice; his point that the *conditions* of granting aid are far less important than the measure of *influence* the aid-giving country can gain in the recipient country, in terms of being listened to and becoming a partner in the national debate at a useful governmental level; his dissection of the enduring interests of the United States in foreign aid—these are all subjects that need ventilation. If there is one regret it is that, although Kaplan's background in agricultural economics would have fitted him admirably for an intelligent discussion of what self-help means in the field of agriculture now that it has been made one of the formal conditions of food-for-peace shipments, he has failed to deal with the problem. And yet it may lead, especially in India, to sharp misunderstandings of the donor's interest and the recipient's capacity. One would have liked to watch Kaplan cut through the mystique and come to grips with the substance of this question, as he does throughout this intelligent man's guide to foreign aid.

The Quarry

The car lights snare
them, suspend dog and
rabbit like negatives
printed by force. Their
actions, sudden and unrehearsed,
are announced
by bones that click
like the broken wipers
on my car.

Part of the rabbit hangs,
free at last of its
pursuer, and the dog,
too, is freed from its
desire.
Thus do four objects
meet in darkness,
beasts, machine, and man,
and no one can say
what brought them
together.

—WILLIAM CHILDRESS

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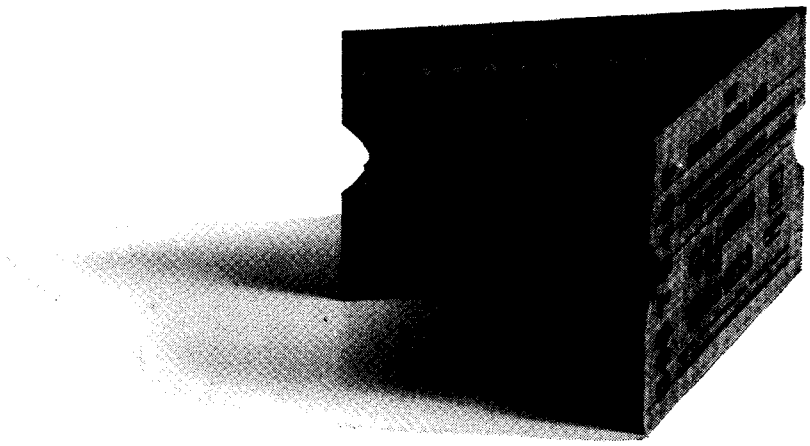

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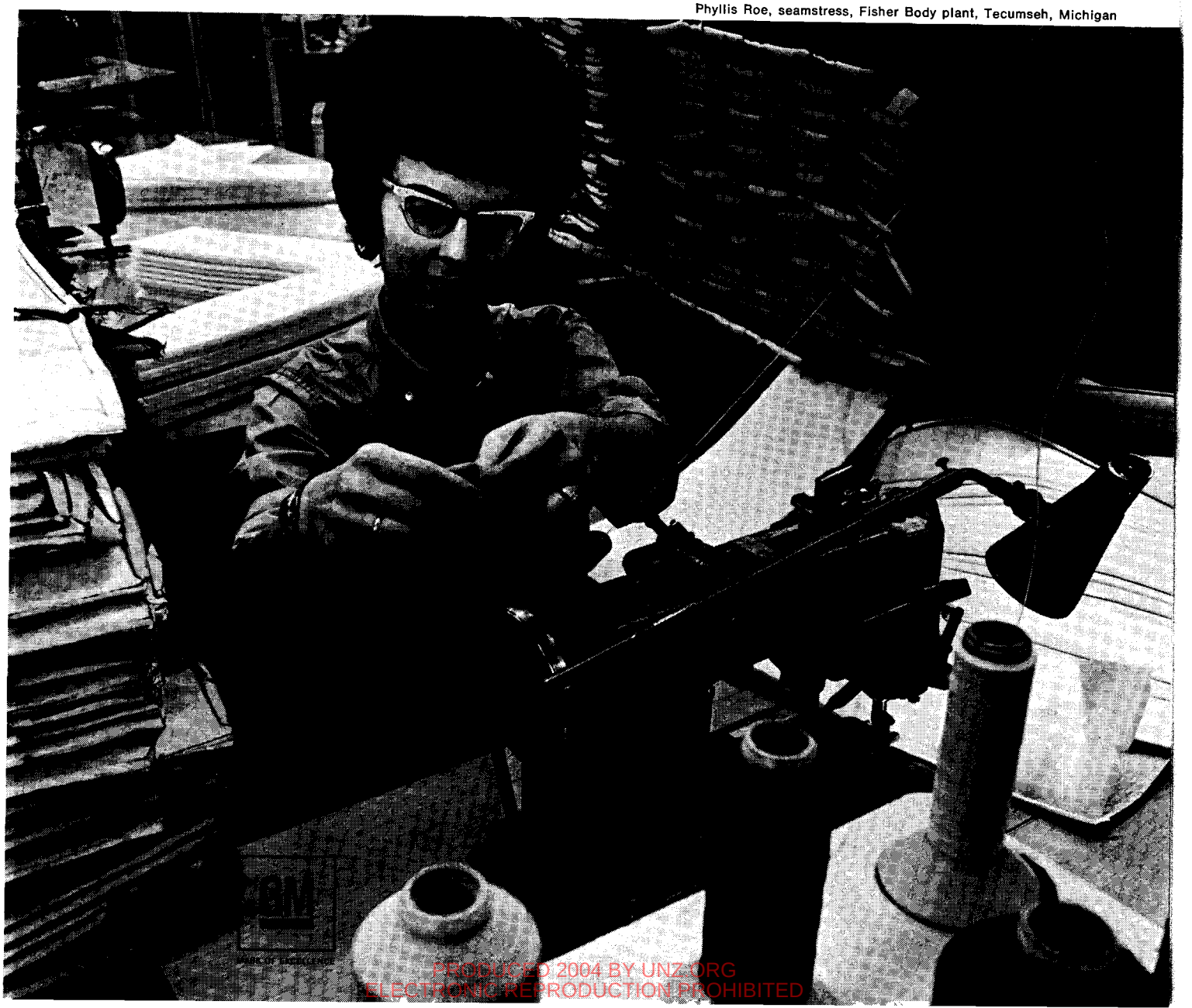

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